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Robert Emmet

Ireland's Patriot-Martyr

A Political Tragedy
in 5 Acts

— by —

• • • Julius Tietze Tietzelieve. • • •

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R. AUERBACH,

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ROBERT EMMET

IRELAND'S PATRIOT MARTYR.



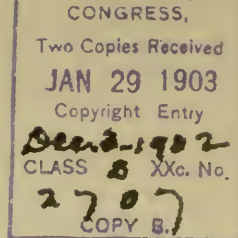
A POLITICAL TRAGEDY IN 5 ACTS

—BY—

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

THE EARL OF HARDWICKE, Commander of the Castle.

CORPORAL BARTLEY, of the Arsenal and Prison.

MAJOR SANDYS }
MAJOR SERVES } Castleguards and Commissioners.

HENRY GRATTAN }
DANIEL O'CONNELL } Parliamentariens.

CLANCY O'BRIEN }
DONOVAN O'HARA } Agitators.

DENNIS REDMOND }
TIMOTHY RUSSEL }
FITZROY MCCARTHY }
CONLY MCCABE } Accompeices with Emmet.
GILHULY O'SHEIL }
HERLIHY O'SULLIVAN }

ROBERT EMMET, An Exile and an Insurgent Leader.

LORD NORBURY, A Judge.

BARONET PLUNKET, Crown's Attorney.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN, A Barrister ; Father of Sarah.

FIRST RIOTER.

SECOND RIOTER.
A COURT CLERK.

A JURY FOREMAN.

A RIOT-ACT PROCLAIMER.

A HANGMAN.

SEVERAL RIOTERS.

MCVICKAR }
MCGREGOR } Relatives of Emmet and Sarah.

HARRIET SARSFIELD, in league with the insurgents.

SARAH CURRAN, betrothed to Emmet.

Twelve Jurors, Castleguards, Rioters, Yeomenry, Search-
Officers, Irish Citizens, Prison-Attendants, Sisters-of-mercy etc., etc.

SCENE.—DUBLIN-IRELAND.

TMP96-007345

ACT I.

SCENE I. — Kingstown Dublin. Before the Parliament building. The doors swing open and from the lit interior issue O'Hara and O'Brien resisting ejection followed by Harriet, Redmond and Russel pacifying them.

HARRIET. O'Hara!

O'HARA. Ha! libellers!

REDM. Here!

O'BRIEN. What? give us gaff?

Then derogate us?

HARRIET. Nay O'Brien —

RUS. Mum now! —

O'HARA. Abash us

Like that?

HARRIET. Subside, do.

REDM. Ay, curtail.

O'BRIEN, Denunciate

In those ill-terms!

RUS. A truce to that and leave off.

O'HARA. Oh these defilers!

RUS. Quiet! I said.

O'HARA. Rancid.

Detractors!

HARRIET. Abridge a bit.

O'BRIEN. Those henchmen that

They be!

REDM. Won't you cease?

O'BRIEN. Ransackers.

O'HARA. Marauders!

O'BRIEN. We'll back

And set our cuspid's of resentment up
Their scullion arrogance, let Parliament

Bear as she does her mausoleum, and show
Who's who in Paddyland.

(Exit with O'Hara into the building, the rest remaining.)

A new incendiary.

REDM.
The fuse now, bye and bye the blade. Of Irish
And English political animosity
There's embers' surplus.

HARRIET. What had occurred with O'Brien
May it be informed me and what withal
Since at delinquency, I may not account,
With O'Hara?

RUS. Why were you not thereabout?
When the melee set a pace?

HARRIET

I would not mope on inquiry
Had I been fellow patriot Russel, for I was not.
Let me tell you :
I was sauntering languidly along the gallery
Once Ireland's belonging, of that Parliament,
Glancing o'er seats undelegated, when presto.
The hum of an altercation in one of the lobbies
Like the low-loud whiz of a forests' leaves, attraction.
That way impelled me. I down and headforemost,
And there a confabbing, pitch in a fracas
O'Hara and O'Brien descried.

Rus. Redmond crayon
Harriet the canvass. She, contingent in
The Society of United Irishmen
Should be given recipe, for that reciprocate
Communion common.

REDM. This 'twas. The insult
Of the Earl of Hardwicke, Kilmainham commissioner
Presently at the Parliament, in possession
Of an insurrectionary circular
Disseminated by O'Brien and O'Hara. Myself
As well as Russel warned them repeatedly
To cease distributing them publicly
But they !

They at the pace of recklessness outstrut
 That of admonishment. For General Hardwicke
 Attended by a staff constabulary
 Apprized of O'Hara's and O'Brien's, with
 A Squirrel's whap, out of the Commission Office
 With feinting gestures to vacate the edifice
 Demanded of the twain ; which ordinance
 O'Hara and O'Brien challenging, an argument
 Wherein contumely and the brogue were rasped
 With the dignity of hardware, obscene no comparison,
 And a long since suppressed glossary, (billingsgate
 Being agate, this cambric to satin.) The procedure
 Into a fisticuff culminating, the combatants
 Apart were sundered, O'Hara and O'Brien
 Being ousted off the premisses. 'Twas at
 This juncture you then joined us I believe
 Miss Harriet.

HARRIET.

What an episode ! Anxiety
 In me a massacre foreaugurs strewn
 With the piked and shillelaghed. Oh ! ever since
 The Union Bill's enactment, by expedients
 Extortionate, for its passage's consummate
 Whose clauses fabricated peremptory
 Annulment and the Parliament's disqualifying,
 Annexing us as subjects,—ever since then
 All Irishmen like when the Theban dragon
 By Jason slain, scarce-sown incisors were
 By sprouting warriors given the doorknob. Oh my heart
 For Ireland pit-pats heavy ! Everywhere
 About the capitol resentment permeates
 With anger and expostulates even the very
 Atmosphere. And animosity
 (Ever goes that odium whether stillted or clogg'd
 Crested or ciurassed or cavalier-fashioned)
 Between the English and the Irish tosses
 The tilted-for gauntlet, For whenever Celt
 And Sax each other size, counter on the avenue
 The incident marks unscribed a slab.
 Oh, good, good God will it ever terminate ?

Rus.

Will Ireland never be free at all at all?
Well, well, we'll see about that. But again
Why these sore plaints? Let me convince you rather
Though we have forfeit Parliament should not
The trademark grief indeni us, Scotchmen having
Their cud to maw o'er, ay I know for a bene vox populi
And under Wallacian howitzers, whilst ours
Was by the chink of sterling huckstered off
With mortmain grip and with the slogan of
"Hibernia delenda est ut Carthago!"
Now is that right I say?
Many a race has like its Parliament
Skulk'd with the phoenix. And 'tis not that our Parliament
Has foundered should make us con Jermy
But the misstewarding misanchoring pilot
Schould make a dragnetted man redrown himself.
A minute. Who's ever forgotten try as he may
With what perfidious and recreant jimmies
The British peers out of our nation's household
Our Parliament prodded bodily, how thug-like
Disguised, on tip-toe, at negro midnight. sneakily
With crook and drill fumbled the bureaus of
Our nationality. stealthily disintegrating
All valuables, ransacking us destitute
Unto nudity! Try how you may, forget it,
Who can? who may? Let go of that for one
I will not. Contemporaneous Irishmen
No quicker will forget this Parliament hold-up
Than have forgotten our lineage.
When Adrian the Pope ordered the Second
Henry the king to budget himself with Ireland
The, at that time, dekinged Dermot McMurrough,
Limping to Henry elicited re-ekinging
After which there arose, as arises from a rapid
A vortex volcano, to erect the genius
Of wild-haired hatred nefarity's Fitzgislebert
Sobriquetted by history Strongbow. This, as well
And the massacres of the Ironsides of Cromwell's
Hosts sanguinary whose enprimrosed crimson

Did with the pellicle of the battle's smoke
 Make nephews and caused Irish bivouacs.
 Oh, we'll remember the vale and mount of it,
 At least I Timothy Russel will keep count of it.
 And English historians assay to slander
 To our chagrin the history of Ireland
 As insignificant. By God, if it is'n't
 The nonpareil, then 'tis charmedly disgusting
 A struggling, a subjecting, struggles and subjects
 Ingloriously glorious a record
 That ever human weakness, and that ever
 Inhuman wickedness and inhumanity
 Superhuman in the extreme, disgraced with honor
 The whiteness of a sheet. Oh by God it is
 A history to set the fluid a-seething
 That like the octopus in midsea's middepth
 After the aqueous demise leaves frothy a will
 That disharpoons Sindbad,— a history
 For the Omnipotent to protest against
 The sentences, the lines, that make the English
 Story of the history of Ireland

REDM.

A story hissed, a hissed story of a history !
 Agra l Redmond a solid grenadiering
 To an omnious one with no brushwood bundle eithe
 But bullock's authers ! Yet still I muse there is
 A something deeper in this rabid race riot
 Than the historian's mere prejudice it seems
 To me at least. The feudal system I think
 That incentive gives balustrade. For all
 The laws brehonic based were on the tanist
 By gavelkind, the canfinny through the ballot
 Succeeding held the land in common tilla
 Under amicable conditions. Then the land
 Was districted in feofs, feofs in carucates
 For the agriculturist's hoe and rake ; then too
 There was a judgment court on Tara's hill
 Where in relation to the infangthef
 Breech of estate were lopped of by the occasion
 Of the particular sacha according to

RUS.

The Sanchus Mor. For a tort had by a mulct
 Been given condonement and the arraigned paroled
 Prscribed by bail or by a pledge of frank
 As may have been the case. But why do I
 Qute this in reference? merely to demonstrate
 That the tanist system superseded was
 By the (gold medals to the economists!) the feudal
 Whose gist is hereditary primogeniture
 Through the eldest,—the axle the spokes rotate by.
 Ninety-Eight exemplifies that. Yet 'twas lured
 To the Caudine Forks and passed off for a yoke
 Of a Samnite Hanover to make peers bawl, so
 Like our tragedians :—"Justitia ruat coelum!"

HARRIET. Yes, fellows in the canvass Redmond and Russel.
 That then's that Ireland? She that was that Ireland
 For seven centuries for ignorant Europe
 Her university. And her resided
 Aengus the hagiographer and Tighernach
 The annalist. Alas! here sang Carolan
 And Ossian the sightless Irish bards.
 Columbkil here the monastery built
 Of Clontouchen; the prior Congal too
 With Ciaran and Adamnan the abbots
 Established Bangor Irish Catholic Convent
 Here teemed with missionaries the Emerald Isle
 Who evangelized entire Europe and here
 St. Patrick preached the Christians daily gospel.
 My haire on fire take, so flames my girl's mind.
 The scholar Erigenu, the astrologer
 Dungal, the evangelizer Ferghal
 Contemporaneously flourished here. Alas! —
 A past, a ne'er-e'er effaceable past
 Let me not open more pages lest ther drip
 The bloody tear and tear-fraught blood upon you
 You're drenched sufficing. Dampen hope? nay not that
 tempering
 Hope in their spite ay spiting e'en with hope.
 Is n't hope immortal? is'nt life immortal? is'nt
 By-gone glory withal? A hearse to the oppressor.

Then pummel England, jostle all thou choosest
The staggering it is, enlist the sympathizers.
Thy freeboot tyranny but coaches the more
Into Hibernians an amor patriae.
Thy highwayman and wayside untanned boot
The heel on our gullet the ankle on our chest
The liberators has tripped. Erin's masthead-flag
At half-mast waves but not entirely lowered.
And I of Patrick Sarsfield's stock, I say
Like the heroic Mucius who 't is said
Singed to a stump his hand continued mum,
We're subjugated but we're unsubdued.
Invidious henchmen overwhelmed drop
At the cheers of martyrs on the scaffold's platform !
REDM. O'Hara and O'Brien return, adjourn we
This curb confab, nor let excitement goad
The passer-by's curio.—

*(The doors swing open and O'Hara with O'Brien issue
remonstratingly.)*

RUS. They're puffed ; there must have been high sea.
REDM. Begorrah boys, what's adrift ?
O'HARA. Bejabers and begorrah—
O'BRIEN. Scab-beset hybrid mongrels I baptize 'em.
O'HARA. Unprincipled by characterless I dub them.
O'BRIEN. Why fellows of the cause out of them
A bonfire with shaveling enough
For holocaust any pantrymaid could rear.
REDM. A gang of a set of a band of blacklegs—
O'BRIEN. Never flourished,
RUS. As these "my lord " political gamblers --
O'BRIEN. Correct.
O'HARA. To the Infinitesimal absolute. Gamblers, lobbyists,
hoodwinkers, they'll stand you pat for any jackpot, the
scheemers and apostates that they are, bad 'scess to them!
O'BRIEN. The lopsided renegadoes !
RUS. Apropos of hand-gaff and bunco-pat in political poker,
why Portsmouth gets a back number and jury packing
a ticket-of-leave.

- O'HARA. Straight said. For in two localities alone demagogic larceny might stand comparing with this Parliament grab.
- REDM. And pray where's that tract of land by water surrounded?
- O'HARA. You're boomeranging it askance.
- REDM. How's that?
- O'HARA. Natal Bay and Botany-Bay,—water by land surrounded.
- REDM. I wasn't catchy I see, but England is
For she was lahdy robbing us a Parliament
And we obtusely handled letting her.
- O'BRIEN. So Poland lies prostrate, prone on her knees
The Cossack fronting.
- RUS. So like by thug assailed
She from the sandbag's drub of Turkey's inflict.
Half-dead Montenegro.
- O'HARA. And you intercept the wheelbarrow, why you're dumped
- REDM. It's no use say what you will an agitator is marked a
target crescent or tricolor.
- RUS. They go a-burrowing when the hedgehog dirks
- REDM. I imagine both of you were trying to distribute those
circulars to procrastinated Parliamentarians who as yet
haven't gone to London to join the new Irish-English
Parliament.
- O'BRIEN. By the leger we were and right royal at it.
- REDM. But you knew Hardwicke was around didn't you? One
would prognosticate as much.
- O'BRIEN. Devil a taste, but we didn't know he was around just
then. Prior to yours and Russel's showing up we got a
scoop of the tepid. And of course, as may be well
imagined, after some retorts and backbite on both sides
we sailed into one another landing in blows, for then
the hops turned a brewing in earnest, they had us by
the coatcollars the constables did.
- O'HARA. Oh we applied ourselves that of all the echoes
Of terms exchanged resentment still redounds.
- REDM. What you should was to rouse the latently indignant
Unstored in the deluded. Harriet
What was the intelligence you had to offer
Prior to the melee for now I ween you referred

To Robert Emmet.

HARRIET.

I had, for I've received
Furtive communication to the effect
Of purposes intact and persons too
More intimate with the exile.

REDM.

Where is the tryst?

HARRIET.

Glasnevin.

RUS.

Is it possible an amnesty
Has been already proclaimed to the expatriate?

HARRIET.

There has. For so let me read o'er for you
As we proceed along the contents of
A missive my possession, as you'll see
His advent's certainty.

(Exeunt all except O'Hara and O'Brien.)

O'HARA

Will you along?

O'BRIEN.

A mind I had to take me to the quay, but well.
To heavy-lashed vigilance dornock's up-drawn
For the distributive hand.

O'HARA.

No bigger organ
Punctures its iris but under the gloat I stagger
Disfooted.

O'BRIEN.

Will you go meet Robert Emmet?

O'HARA.

I'll see him at Glenachton's.

O'BRIEN.

Together then.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE II. — Before Glasnevin Cemetery.

Enter Harriet.

HARRIET.

By full a trot outdistanced, I'm ahead
At the Glasnevin gate. Welcome him home.
Alas for the home and alas for the welcome!
What sore ordeals Ireland thou'rt progeny!
Pass surging meditations, pass —
What nation's that whose brow is draped in crape
Whose chest sinks fast as you receding moonset
At midheaven's tide? Hibernia, 't is thyself!
I see thy sacred shores by viking pirated

Thy homes profaned, thy temples execrated
 The colonnade of thy glory splintered
 Whilst o'er thy malls like gaunt hyenas gorge
 The glut of ravage thy inhabitants.
 Forth from thy gasping lips despair's crude wail
 Like a lone Arab in anguish's oratory
 Lost in the orphanage of wilderness
 Oasis strikes none. Free tyranny's here calif.
 And civil Patagons with feints caressing
 With that uncompromising a by no means
 Of the Horatii and Curiatii
 The dolmen of thy pride make nihil of.
 Nor that alone. But prone on ire's divan
 The malagressor with offence parturient
 Gives birth to massacre whose initiation
 Into the coterie of the gibetted
 Nefarity acquires. But be muffled
 Thoughts of this brand. A shadow, then a step —
 The figure and the feature of the exile
 Up Chapel's Road a-sauntering and seeking▲
 About for us. Wish he head this way. For lo,—
 In traveller's suit he nears Glasnevins, on
 The lapel of his coat the trefoil shamrock

(Enter Robert Emmet.)

EMMET. Excuse a traveller, an orphan to suburbs, just
 Off Libbey's wharf, whereabouts may one find Glasnevins
 Cemetery?

HARRIET. Hereabout's the locality.

EMMET. I'm obligation for instruction. Pass
 The jaunting-car up Chape 's Road?

HARRIET. No down lad.

EMMET. From boot to wheel there's travesty.
 One's limb become convinced of ancestry
 When distance 's an age. Good evening lass for all that.

HARRIET. (aside) 'T is he! the same! Oh you untutored instincts,
 Half-bred to recogniton fosterchild,
 Shall the fate of weeds be his and fall in the through
 And that through me. By an in-road I'll accost him.

Lad whoever it be that ye seek may I ask?

EMMET. The roof of a patriot if any there be.

HARRIET. And there be
God grant in Ireland a many a one. I recognize ye,
I vow.

EMMET (aside) What? and my mask drawn off?

HARRIET. Beyond
Thy previous traits what thou hast been thou wast
And that thou 'rt Robert Emmet and no other —

EMMET. Toss up the cap suddenness, the surmise 's fair-haired.

HARRIET. I knew ye for that, how should I else but know you.

EMMET. Is it Harriet Sarsfield then?

HARRIET. Herself.

EMMET. I can't help being affected.

At this reunion, for I'm he, I'm Emmet.

HARRIET. Back in the long run. Accept the heart's salute
Of a cause's devotee. Reunions tear's
Drop bitter when re-meet acquaintances.

EMMET. Erin! swooning evermore —

HARRIET. About
Her staggering figure. It is, it is on Irish
Soil, you're back.

EMMET. She's expiring.—

HARRIET. Bear off, she's
Resuscitating; behold, she lives!

EMMET. To die?
Alas! where be I? really in Dublin? is it
In Dublin truly myself am? Where's Chapel's Road?

HARRIET. Over yonder's Chapel's Road, Robert.

EMMET. Oh God!
Ireland! Oh me my country! thyself! thyself!

HARRIET. Small wonder the sight of her overcomes you.

EMMET. She's not the same — Oh she — she —

HARRIET. The lump
That's lodged in the chest unbreathe, as would
A man, as would an Irishman, respite
Expatriation for reunion. Harriet
Of Sarsfield's family re-welcomes you.

EMMET. Changed scenes! Can I believe when I behold

What I believed beholding? are her streets
 The same? the houses the identic? (Intuition
 Betrays me!) flickers still the wick of Irish
 Nationality? oh, blaze these emblers? I land
 An exile on the shore of Erin, I find
 Her sprouting vineyards wilted, on her homesteads
 Emaciate herds a pasturing, the woodland
 Untreed, and from her suburb hillside hamlets
 Persecution's din I hear. On Tara's wall
 The harp of Carolan hangs mute—oh bruised
 And bleeding, Erin's genius greets her exile! (*weeps*)

HARRIET. Och! ochone! ochone!

EMMET. Dreary, dreary
 Is her situation, It must be quite late I ween.

HARRIET. Rather. By the way was it not up a year or so
 You abode in Paris?

EMMET. The thereabout of a twelvemonth.

HARRIET. What are the Despard folks about?

EMMET. I hardly know.

HARRIET. I perceive you're wearied.

EMMET. Wearied and worried.

HARRIET. The after-effects of a journey. Listen, where
 Glasnevin's no depot to luggage about.
 Intend you sojourning?

EMMET. I concluded abode
 At Clenachton's; my all of my luggage lag
 As yet at Libbey's; at an opportune opportunity
 It will be transmitted me. So this is Glasnevin?
 What a change has come o'er it? the tryst my letter
 Bore, mention bears reminiscence sad. Here
 I acted pallbearer at the interment of
 Tone, and Fitzgerald all of which appears
 As 't were yesterday. Oh 't is, 't is
 To pince the hide for agony in slices,
 Contemplating that. Demised of the universe!
 I muse on ye! Decayed and chill ye nap
 In beds siliceous, on sandy pillows 'neath sheets
 Of sedge! Envermind and enmoulded remains,
 Mourn'g through the daisies' petals, the gibbet

Existence's lips having locked up. Through the gate
I spy your final homesteads and I mourn
At reminiscence's threshold. O Fitzgerald !
And Tone, Oh ! gone unreturnably ! nay this—
This, this affectation's stifling me—release—
Immunity—for a feeling—hark ! it pleads in me
To end the term of Erin's servitude.

HARRIET. Lad, bridle yet the prance of inspiration
For it doth pant and froth about enthusiasm
To slick o'rhapsody-

EMMET. To slam off prison bolts,
Penitentiaries' casements unlattice
From death-sentenced cells emancipate her,
Elevate her on a pilaster of suffrage
That humanity might view how far her figure
Inhumanity disfigured.

HARRIET. Robert Emmet !

EMMET. Forth, forth of tyranny's ignoble tunnel
With freemen's pennon streaming heaven-high
I'd lead my countrymen, face the adversary
Upon the field; advance upon his legion
And counter-combat his rank ; rushing fight
With brand in one hand in the other a sabre
Till victory be Erin's; then return
Marching triumphant from the field of battle
With drum and cymbal to the music of
Erin-go-bragh !

HARRIET. Several of the patriots have come
To welcome you. There's Redmond, Russel, O'Sullivan,
O'Sheil, McCabe, McCarthy.

EMMET. Where ?

HARRIET. Over there-

(*Exeunt*)

SCENE III.—Chapel's Road.

(*Enter Redmond, Russel, O'Sullivan, O'Sheil, McCabe
and McCarthy.*)

REDM. From Chapel's Road to Glasnevin, tumnli

The earthen sigh vouching a chest underneath
One sees abundant.

RUS. Dead easy-doing patriots,
Their architecture's shattered.
What of their life's pilaster, what of soffit
Remained, they yet left us to emulate them
The trillith'd hopeful chisel, a cromlech to set us
To vindication.

REDM. How sad the moon looks down
On God's Acres ! how thrillingly chirps the trush
A heart-breaking elegy bordering on madness !
And look too at the whirling sand ! Observe
The features of heaven are draped in ashy ire
From out its iris of dusk shooting stars gleam
A distant rumbling in subdued oratory
Marks thunder's protege.

RUS. Persons approach.
It looks it's Robert Emmet with Harriet Sarsfield.

REDM, Else who might they be ?

RUS. Very like my consideration.

REDM, Are you posted soundly ?

RUS. Barely, best elicit it.

REDM. Hist there ! uncloak !

RUS. They're of a race unvanquished.

REDM. Or Gaels. Hist there ! the shiboleth !

RUS. We'd best get about to them.

They'll never hear us unless we shout to them.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV. Glasnevin as in scene 2.

(*Enter Emmet and Harriet.*)

EMMET. Who may they have been who hissed us ?
Give me a cue, Miss Sarsfield, for I fret
We're encumbered.

HARRIET. Smut o'anxiety for distrust.
Nor manifest apprehension. They are those
On your home-advent, at a slick distance,
On my commending, have themselves retired,

Me, in the mean appointing spokesman, hither
To greet, approach you.

EMMET. Fraternity's fire rekindles
Five years' benumbed estrangement. I rejoice
That not unlike delinquents or absconders
I set foot on the shore of the emerald isle
Unawaited. A few devoted Irish yet
Their patronage vouch a brother ostracized
To retrieve and clasp the hand severed so long
By the sharp blade of exile.

HARRIET. They salute !

(*Enter Redmond carrying a floral hoof. Russel, O'Sullivan, O'Shiel, McCabe, McCarthy.*)

ALL. Exile of Erin ! welcome home !

EMMET. Associates —
Fraternally re-met ! (they embrace)

REDM. Our Rory !

R No, our O'Neill !

REDM. In recognition's token bear acceptance
What poor allegiance could in profferance offer
This our humble hoof.

EMMET. My heart weeps loudly,

REDM. Not ours. In ours 's imbedded the slogan
"Erin-ma-chree," ensheath'd too the shibboleth
"Hibernia mavourneen."

EMMET. God bless you boys.

Back again amongst my former. In time appropriate
A cord shall rig us to our country's hawzer
As shall unstanchioned not be, the barge of which
Shall tug the anchor for the caulking. Lads
In general and particular I ween
We best not tarry tardy about, since 't may be
Suspicion's spirit haunts the unordinary.
We'll combined to Ballycorn, out of where
At Harriet Sarsfield's residence we'll convene
A forthright hence. gation for the hoof.
Tiny little smilax and holly ! Shall we traverse
Mountjoy or Fitzwilliam Square ?

Persecution's nurse shows up a trifle cheerily.

"For invalid Erin," says she, "there's convalescence."

ALL.

Welcome, a land's right and a home.

(*Exeunt.*)

ACT II.

SCENE I. Ballycorn. Dublin. Interior of a garret.

A lamp in full blaze on the table around which Emmet, Sedmond, Russel, O'Sullivan, O'Sheil, McCabe and McCarthy are discovered in conversation.

REDM.

Isolated and uninterrupted
The younger part of an entire week
With the enactment of the government
Provisional, after the castle's capture
Which we're to seize giving Hardwicke the trip,
Older has grown. We had in the beginning
Each other pledged solidarity win or lose
By the proposed revolt and here this eve
Settle for the venture. Robert Emmet, we
Have acquiesced that you our leader be.
Therefore, according to the constitution
Of our society, rise and be initiated
Prescribed for the incumbent obligatorily.

EMMET.

(*risés and raises his hand*) In the awful presence of God!
I do voluntarily declare that I will preserve in endeavor-
ing to form a brotherhood of affection among Irishmen
of every religious persuasion and that I will also persevere
in our endeavor to obtain a republic peaceably, if pos-
sible, forcibly if necessary. And I do further hereunto
deciare that neither hope fear, guerdon nor penalty
shall ever induce me directly or indirectly to inform on
or give evidence against any member of this or similar
societies for any act or expression of theirs done or made
collectively or individually in or out of this society in
pursuance of the spirit of the obligation. So help me
God!

REDM.

Is everybody replete with a provisional?

- RUS. Everybody.
- REDM. Have O'Sullivan, O'Sheil, McCabe McCarthy,
Got theirs?
- RUS. They have.
- REDM. I yield the chair to our leader.
- EMMET. Accepted. — Comrads, for the final rig-up —
Be it to his credit, let the member apprized about
What's to be perpetrated state if he choose
All possible information available
All plans have been submitted ratified,
Is there anybody desiring supplementary
Intelligence, have to his scrap-book's item
Addition-giving clipping given?
- O'SULLIV. I was absent once
So I'd like to find out from our spokesman, what
The insurrection in the city proper
Omitting all auxiliaries, out of the suburbs,
To bide with us, comprises?
- EMMET. Three points, O'Sullivan.
- O'SULLIV. I remind me 't was quoted on. Hope you aint vexed
Should a few more queries tug re iteration.
- EMMET. On the contrary, not at all, nof at all.
- O'SULLIV. What is the first?
- EMMET. Points of attack.
- O'SULLIV. The second?
- EMMET. That, — points of check.
- O'SULLIV. And the third?
- EMMET. Lines of defence
Ultimately.
- O'SULLIV. Once known I'm at ease. Also where
Is the main assembly to be, on time probated,
Heretofore beforehand, on the arrival of
Dwyer's Wicklowites?
- EMMET. Near Kilmainham Bridewell
In Marshalsea Lane our depot as has been
Through the pro and the con of the debate on that score
Decision reached.
- O'SULLIV. The which is evident.
- EMMET. Who else?

- O'SHEIL. May I interrogate, where's to be
Their lodging for the time being ?
- EMMET. Where they assemble
Of course.
- O'SHEIL. For those outside of our centre attacks
Or outside of the others ?
- EMMET. Presumably of the others.
The gathering you see is to be in three. The Post Office
The Castle and the Barracks. Thirty thousand
Stanchest of the stalwart pik'd and blunderbuss'd
Men of the invincible O'Dwyer I expect
About there in thousand troupes.
From Munster deputation of Cork and Kerry
And from the bailiwick of Connaught
Galway und Leitrim's mechanic I anticipate.
To the subleaders of which written I have
Of junction with us, with whose advent come
Mayo and Roscommon. The whole brigade
As detailed to participants particulars
Knowing the when, the where, the how in solid phalanx
Myself taking the lead a Roman rocket
Giving from the bridge the signal, the whole of the line,
Raising flag and limb and armor and forward march.
- McCABE. Will you let me chip in a say ?
- EMMET. With the charity
Due to the alm's-box farthing, in she goes
And note her clinking. Well ?
- McCABE All of the members
Shall in their computations make 't unscrupulous
An item, that the whole affair, in other words,
The affair as a whole is to rotate about
The castle and the castle solely, concentrate
Their energy thereabout, the whose parapets,
Gun-cutton in shale-oil soaked together with the portcullis
The rupture give ; then past the overcome guards
The bayley-wall proper from the underneath
Make ingress. In the all of the interim
We must see we land not tardy at the inception
As at the finale out of the bushwack'd background

Which simultaneously that way tackled
Will from defeat that much eliminate
To saffron up expectancy, for captured
The castle should and ought by. This is what
I meant in tossing my word in.

EMMET.

And well-toss'd, sir,
It is.—Redmond and Russel there, one minute —

(they converse)

MCCARTHY. McCabe d'yez ken Whippleforce?

MCCABE.

The toll-gatherer?

MCCARTHY. Humph! he's sorra agra one of Lucifer's brats.
I fret lest he frustrate endeavor, in the event
Of carrying grenades o'er the bridge.

MCCABE.

Arrah will he?

Whippleforce's linen coatcollar will be tailored
A bit the tighter for him then he'll skulk.

O'SULLIV.

Now what do you think of that pals?
The newly-installed street commissary Dartmoor
Wont let us parade across Fitzwilliam Square.

O'SHEIL.

I'll tell you what I think of that pal.
Dartmoor's every bone in Dartmoor's body
To the infirmary for general
Repairs, a shipment gets.

O'SULLIV.

'T will tonic him.

MCCARTY. Bartley of the Eighty-Ninth Foot, communicating
With General Hardwicke of the rising's progress
Will to discomfit us, out of the arsenal
Send the yeomanry.

MCCABE.

Grit to grit, let him embark!

The nearest lamppost Bartley's anatomy
Shall with disgrace be graced and midst hosannas
Follow the pendulum. For though hampered
The first that creep in our road the pike's argument
Plump into the entrails, to make th excrement out
New auspices.

O'SULLIV.

At all hazards, at all

The uncrook'd straightness of a spirit-level.
And by the by Majors Sandys and Severs —

MCCABE.

What about them?

- O'SHEIL The salawags ! the spalpeens !
O'SULLIV. They 're fury itself.
O'SHEIL. Oh, their distillate will be decanted for them.
 Pluguglies of that ilk, d'yez know their meed ?
 The bayonet's flat on their pontifical domes
 The gray-finned sharks.
- MCCABE. The very thing they are.
REDM. The hurdle and the tether stand no better
 Than the demoralizer's lunatic antics, the show
 Wild Comanches would emulate.
- RUS. Red ochre
 My boy, 's what counts in a revolution.
- EMMET. The castle then
 Is the cue to the situation. Besides
 Is there a grudge we bear — retaliation !
 Is there abuse we stood for — vindication !
 July the twenty-third shall be the day
 July the twenty-third shall be the night
 And of that day shall be a night for tyranny
 And of that night a day for freemen. For
 Long have the squares of Dublin not been sprinkled
 Long, long indeed ; but it wouldn't be with the opaque,
 'T wixt pink and rosy the dawn-stain of the morn's sun,
REDM. Blood-red.
- EMMET. The red of blood, ay carmine human ink.
 It will be either their's or ours, but likely
 Theirs with ours. For me, my blood I donate
 No matter the consequence, at any rate. (*bell rings.*)
- RUS. The bell is tugged below.
- REDM. The Parliamentarians
 O'Connell and Grattan surely 't is. They said
 They'd visit us and we've overlook'd the time,
 They were to be to have an interview
 With me and you.
- RUS. It oozed out of my senses. I'll meet them.
- REDM. No, go not down, let themselves up-usher.
- EMMET. You do well there.
- REDM. Will you abide the statesmen ?
- EMMET. On the contrary, I right there follow gypsy.

RUS. I infer the meeting adjourned.

EMMET. Ratified.

Now since we need the statesmen not in the skirmish
But only as a prop, let Redmond and Russel
To talk it o'er with them remain. For us
Embarkment for good and final. Swear to it
Comrads !

ALL. Our fealty !

EMMET. Yet again !

ALL. 'T is pledged !

EMMET. And let the following be confirmed
Both, ere the general launching out, as well
As in the off and far unto, to these
Tenets adherence. Let as much be known to us
That the general fist in the proclivity of
The tyrant's chin, go with the proturberance
Worthy of the riotous, no sledgehammer handled
But with the thud therets. This too as go
Our legal formulae be it known to all :—
We Ireland's Irishmen of Irish birth
Hoping there to die and be dead Irishmen
Challenge the awkward despot to the arena
Of decent manhood. Cast off the sitting pose
And take to limb. All of you know the date
July the twenty-third. Primarily
Of all's the Castle to be sack'd, possessed ;
Thence we will see what's to be next committed.
Both, if you can induce as I hope I do
Feel as you think you may the Irish statesmen
O'Conneil and Grattan. A collective " we meet again !"
Singly the grave for all, the scaffold together,
And ruffle no coatcollars though groggy's the weather.

(Exeunt all except Redmond and Russel.)

REDM. Emmet 's an apt leader,

RUS. A born one not a thoroughbred.

REDM. Even those who would be led do not begrudge him,
Were they even disinclined.

RUS. It makes me wonder

Why he would not abide with us nor help
The argumentation along.

REDM. I suppose he's had
With Parliamentarians the firkin topping, —
None of them care to join where force's urged.

RUS. I see. Was it not yourself by the way, received
Intelligence upon inquiry
As the committee to consult O'Connell
And Grattan? What have they said in rejoinder?

REDM. They wrote they'd favor us audience, parley
On any parliamentary topic bearing
On the Union Bill, since it is men that make
A movement great, the rather than that great men
A movement makes, wrote me in correspondence —
(Same tendency inducement influencing
To conjoin counsel) Grattan.

RUS. Jammed in the county
The vote and voice goes against the manual
And shoves the renegado by.

REDM. But I hope on them.
They have quite freely intimated they would
Consult with us, abet us with their view.

RUS. Tilt it with O'Connell, fence it will I with Grattan,
Should we to fists, not iddle be the rattan.

REDM. A rhyme in time.—That much though let's impress
We are dirk-front and point-blank in to-to opposed
To catholic emancipation or
Reform parliamentary. Our desire
Being their indorsement of the outbreak's incipency
Giving it so to speak influential sanction, subverting
British aggrandizement out of usufruct
And make of Ireland hitherto a dependency
A franchized Irish republic.

RUS. What a term
Inspiring is republic! A "republic!"
Contrasted with the term of disrespect
"Monarchy!" Will we be capable
In persuading Grattan in persuading
O'Connell? On the stairs there're steps. We'll see

How the vaccine operates.—

(*Enter Grattan and O'Connell.*)

REDM.

Percussive

I fret.

GRATTAN. This here 's Danny O'Connell!

REDM.

Pleased to learn

Of Mister O'Connell.

O'CONN.

And that there 's Harry Grattan!

RUS,

Glad to know you and happy to meet you.

REDM.

Be seated.

O'CONN.

Any odd seat will suit the nag.

REDM.

Kindly.

O'CONN.

Grat, where is the frail duck?

GRATTAN.

What frail duck?

O'CONN.

Why dont yer know there's ponds for her to dabble.

GRATTAN.

Get out of that hilarity.

Mister Redmond and Mister Russel we have come

The posture occupied by the society

And what 'll be consulted with us, made recipient

The both of us desired as it was a council

Directly threshold to the cause for which

To find us out.

O'CONN.

Now with no hawing and hemming

What's wanted.

REDM.

O'Connell, you're reputed cute-sighted,

You about divine what's to go on the program—

O'CONN.

Crease the sheet right there, I do not know

That a show 's in progress.

GRATTAN.

What's requested sanction

In what particular phaze must we the lantern

Carry and light the road, frankness and openness.

(*Redmond and O'Connell whisper and retire to one corner,
Russel and Grattan follow the like and retire to the other
corner.*)

O'CONN.

Thuggin thu, I hav'n't the rickets nor

The spavins of the stallion. Insurrection?

Are you long a fugitive from London Bedlam?

REDM.

With that incogruity we would monumission

As the bedlamite though O'Connel I'm none.
Do not shake the head again for that means no.
A chunk of a crust of bread,—but liberty!

O'CONN. Would n't you add some salt to it? pooh pooh!

GRATTAN. No Russel, not that plant of gallic growth.
There liberty like unto the tree of knowledge
Also imparts of death. So may you know
For so conciliation but supplant
That of coercion as you have my sentiments.
But to incite to riot —

RUS. Only listen,
Only listen. Was n't there a reaction of
The precipitate plebeans of Capitoline Rome
When the senior Gracchi —

GRATTAN. There was.

RUS. Sided with the populace
Whose lands sequestery brought on evictments,
Trying their utmost's uttermost to repel
The flagrant agrarian law. And was there not —

GRATTAN. That's so.

RUS. A Pilopenesian war. What Ireland
Cannot in peace attain she certainly can
By sword accomplish.

GRATTAN. Oh, delusion false,—
The reason's forgery! No, Russel, this
I had n't expect from you. Where does the road
(God forgive me if I'm strenuous with you)
Of freedom but across the scaffold lie?
Go on, go on, you talk babyish, Russel.

O'CONN. Is it to this home for the orthopaeds you refer?
What you want 's vanguard first the tassle carrying
And the borne-along transparency? but wither
To what end, use, purpose, notion, object?

REDM. And why —
And why —

O'CONN. Hold to 't as 't were a hup-pleisham?
And you'll do good, faix, you'll do foine indade
If I may use the vernacular my Anniello.

REDM. No epithet, no epigram. That ill-ease

That 'll foster the reprooving sting and find lodging
In our conscience that we spill blood to retrieve
The liberty bereaved us, will not e'en be
The tithe of a crith in the comparison
To that extent as the ducal landfleece
I'll tell you that much,—expectorate at leisure.

GRATTAN. You're still a skiffy buoy, a skiffy buoy.

RUS. Unbargeworthy or unnautical, which?

GRATTAN. I mean
A boy, lad, I mean not buoy. I regret
You're 's yet a shrub.

RUS. Pray state delinquencies.

GRATTAN. Undersized you barely overlook.

RUS. For instance?

GRATTAN. The intricacy involved in the diplomacy
Of international law touching a country's uprisal
Itself under superior.

RUS. The dictum goes
England's difficulties are Ireland's opportunities.
What we count 's on the accomplishments of feints
That are being pushed by the first consul of France
In bridging the ditch to serve us for a crossroad
Horatius-like in defence.

GRATTAN. I repeat you are
A boy as I said.

RUS. But I am man enough
That though a boy a manly act I'd do
Than as a man a boyish one pursue.

REDM. Just to insinuate, with four fingers, O'Connell
Slim of a fist expect. But, Oh, what justice
England has given Ireland, Oh, what justice!
The nabob has been truly gracious here;
A door its trellis knows, a cub its matrix,
The ingrown nail knows it o'ertight boot,
We don't know when to cheer "The Irish forever!"
We do know, thank God, when we feel famished,
We do know who has a bed to retire in
We do know too who have no roof above them,
And you know as well 's myself I hope.

- O'CONN. Get to gunwhale.
Where are your soldiers? where your place of battle?
- REDM. The daily Dubliner answers the bayonet
The city's streets and avenues the battle-ground.
- O'CONN. And forts and barracks?
- REDM. What's the matter with the housetops?
- O'CONN. I have n't inspected them.
- REDM. Oh, don't you worry
There are tiles that may be unshingled.
- O'CONN. To a resorting
Of force? I'll have to shake again my head again.
Much as I may coincide in view of reform
(You may cashier me for any other save catholic)
Much as I can't help being Irish in the groin
I very much coincide on that score, Redmond,
A restoration, an opportune one, Redmond,
Of Irishmen's prerogatives. But what
The say of yours counts on the riotous sentiment
That all is mounted in the saddle's stirrup
Why I can't exclaim I balk the steet but I,
I in as much reiterate I enter none
Nor any of the compact a rising would foster
For the simple reason (since the reason's simple)
Should it evolve in a sort of a flop in a way unlikely
(Be 't far from my wish,) I should be held for treason.
O'Connell would not bear this for all the Clives
Since 't is a subject reckoned —
- REDM. For whom?
- O'CONN. For Dives.
- GRATTAN. Nay such an arm'd defiance
Makes the full cleavage longer last than did
The Limerick siege longer in area than all
The giant causeway, that this lacerate land
Needs agaric.
- RUS. Well then, how about consolidating
With us?
- GRATTAN. Let junction have a furlough.
You sort of remind me of the Kerry bookbinder
Who paging a brochure did his stitchman enjoin

To mix no numbered folios up, no numbered ones;
He thought, whatever's in order might be disordered
By readjustment. I am disinclined
In junctions preference.

RUS. Then I dont mind nor care
That if we succeed and you stand aside of the revolt
Prediction runs amuck or join or none join
We're perforce adversaries.

GRATTAN, Lest you get horn-mad
I'll give you that on a tip.

REDM, Just now dont you be
Reoalcitrant a foal.

O'CONNELL. Is Dan getting fractious?

RUS. Grat you're obstreperous as far as commanding goes.

O'CONNELL. Let's off Grat.

REDM. You're both hounds dumbfounded
If you desert us.

O'CONNELL. Jackass whoever joined you?

REDM. I challenge you to a debate.

O'CONNELL. I wont slander
The platform with your presence.

REDM. Apologize!
Retract or—

O'CONNELL. Or—well?

REDM. Or—

O'CONNELL. Or—what?

REDM. Get the deuce out of here

GRATTAN. God speed the United Irishmen, we're out with them.

O'CONNELL. Out with them? they're out with us, we're not they.

REDM. Get the door ajar and out with them.

O'CONNELL. Out with whom?
Dont you ride the buck too fast—

GRATTAN. Come down-stairs.

RUS. Both you will rue this.

O'CONNELL. Both you are Bridewell eligibles.
For who are with them that are out with them
That we should regret?

GRATTAN. An everlasting good-night.

O'CONNELL. Have nothing in cammon.

With whom I wandered in love's wayside wild

Bobby-a-Roon.

Caress of my youth whom I caressed as a youth

Bobby-a-Roon,

Besides whom I clung as Noami unto Ruth

Bobby-a-Roon,

Delight of my fancy whom in fancy I delighted

Bobby-a Roon,

What has my spirit's peace ever disquited

Bobby-a-Roon,

(sounds of footsteps)

Tramping on the staircase! the racket has ruffled

My pensive-fraught dozing into. Peace there's none

For my breast anywhere even in the short

Eternity of night. 'Tis voices I discriminate

Ay past all doubt; the worst can only have

Overtaken me. Wide open goes the door,

Let follow what may.

Enter Curran in nightgown

Hardwicke, Bartley and search officers,

HARDWICKE.

Let there be instituted

A rigorous search from garret unto cellar

Conjointly, out and out. Omit no receptacle

But every bureau every till that passes

Inspection, give it the jack of scrutiny

Turn the flooring to account spare nothing

Worthy of examination.

BARTLEY.

I will do so.

HARDWICKE. For the same take these search candles.

CURRAN.

Exercise care.

As is an Englishman's house his castle, so is

An Irishman's. I protest against the uncarpetting

Of the floor

HARDWICKE.

Much-imposed counsellor,

I'm sorry to disturb your tenure of living

With the thudding step of inquiry but I—

CURRAN. What about?

HARDWICKE.

Bear orders from the court of search

We've been informed with appurtnaining to
One known as Robert Emmet, who's alleged
With frequenting your domicile ; and adrift
Much about the environments. Excuse me Curran
Who's this young lass!

CURRAN. What's that to do with the search?

HARDWICKE. I merely ask to know.

CURRAN. That's my last likeness
Out of wedlock.

HARDWICKE. A daughter of yours?

CURRAN. Look at the edition.

HARDWICKE. I'am constrained to catechize her. Miss Curran.

Can you tell us if Robert Emmet ever left
Either out of haste or may be indifference
Some inflammatory leaflets hereabouts?

SARAH. Leaflets? what are they? mean you budlets too?

HARDWICKE. I do not mean anything of that variety.

SARAH. I fail to comprehend you. How should
Know of inflammatory leaflets? I'am ignorant
Of any such a person as Robert Emmet.

CURRAN. (aside) Out of oath, twas soundly parried.

HARDWICKE. It is said
He corresponded with a Sarah Curran.

SARAH. Oh "it is said!" but who said? who 's the it?
I'am sure I dot know who Robert Emmet is
I never heard of the gentleman Sir Earl;
I swear to you I'am totally a stranger
In the streets of accusation. And although
The name may be familiar—(aside) oh my God
If it should be aught to his detriment!

BARTLEY. Ha! circulars!

HARDWICKE. Read them fully.

SARAH. (aside) We're demolished.

CURRAN. Make none of your wry sour mugs over there.

BARTLEY. (reading) Irishmen of Leinster, Munster
Ulster and Connaught! For centades have your immunities been
monitored by British sentinels, an instance of which is the recent
cockade-of-a-vigil, which the Union Bill so to speak acts perambu-

latory in your regard. shmen! will ye license yourselves to be bivouacked and reveilled by the tap of a mercenary sentry? will ye be the medium of a patrol to a charlatantly unepauletted orderly? Irishmen! smoulder yet in the furnace of your hopes the embers of independence? than stir its sparks into an incindiary of strife and conflagration! burst your cages of subjugation! tumble o'er its walling of repression! Oh crush them, dislodge them.....,

HARDWICKE. Cast up no more I scent the debris; let me have'em Sarah (aside) Saints of the prevailing church! stay him from harm!

HARDWICKE. What mutter you?

RARAH. I'm sighing.

HARDWICKE. 'Tis the loudest

Of all the sighs I ever heard —For whom then?

Sarah None in particular.

HARDWICKE. Evasion's incriminatory.

There was an object hidden in the fold of that sigh,

I heard the rustle, saw the sweep, but well.

Why has that bookcloset so many scrapbooks?

Scrape out the entrails of her.

CURRAN. Easy there.

HARDWICKE. With the permit of precedence—

BARTLEY. Give me aid officers.

CURRAN. Be conscious of the handling, Irish laws
Can he in versatile ways used. By Justitia
Whatever you're bungling there at the bookshelves.
See here, you'll tear off "Cavanagh's Contracts",
What are you now disposing of? "Kirk's Mortgages",
Let go sir, "Shyre's Property!" What is that?
Have you got possession of "Hopkinson's Evidence"?

HARDWICKE. Why yes in one way and why no in another.

CURRAN. And besides those private bill-notes—

HARDWICKE. I shall note them.

CURRAN. Musha the wills—

HARDWICKE. It is my will.

CURRAN. The sales?

HARDWICKE. There's a prize on them.

CURRAN. Must I implore then?

A lawyer's library subject to the ransacker!

Give me an inventory of what you take
Along with you for evidence.

HARDWICKE. We dont as a rule.

CURRAN. Ungentlemenly, unrecorded, unheard-of—

HARDWICKE. There's

Slight of occasion for any manifestoes
Of irritability on your part in retorting.
Remember I'm an officer of the law.

SARAH. But my father is a lawyer with an office.

CURRAN. Ay have them know I'm of the Irish bar!

HARDWICKE. Short meant, I'd have each Irish barrister
Book of the bars.

CURRAN. For the which across the pate
Would I let slip an avoirdupois bar!

HARDWICKE. What bodily?

CURRAN. Well I strenuously condemn.

My home's no resort for orphic mysteries,
Nor is my daughter a Dionysia,

HARDWICKE. Oh we dont doubt that. What's on the harpsichord?

SARAH. Outrageous unto impatience! Why dont you
Unwall the room, disceiling us together?
Daddy they've taken Beethoven and Mendelsohn,
Why dont they carry off the entire premises?
The harwsidchord contains naught rebellions.
Save a few dormant unharmonics

HARDWICKE. So?

How many times did not this organ heave
Out of its melody's breast the national air
Of Irishmen?—And 'tis your daughter? will
She tolerate renewed questions?

SARAH. Desire me

To say my Pater Noster! Who's afeard?
What right have they to search our house that way.
Yes, sir, yes sir I'll stand you examining-into.

CURRAN. Ay prod her. Whose daughter should n't but a barrister's?

HARDWICKE. She shall excuse the immunity. We are after
Two young men by the name of Redmond & Russel,
Could she inform us of their whereabouts.

SARAH. Am I a bureau ? how come I to them ?
I never heard these names, my girlhood on't.
I know them not I know them, know them not.

HARDWICKE. Never saw the young men described ?

SARAH. What description ?
As't were aught to tally,—the audacity.

CURRAN. Convey'em round Scotland Yard, you offered the cue,

HARDWICKE. We possess the following details of them :
They're of medium stature, brunette and handsome.
With a portly gait carried aristocratic,
They're members of the United Irishmen,
Redmond wears a surtoit and Hessian boots
By the way as landmarks. And 't is recently
The general amnesty immunizing them
They have returned from expatriation.

SARAH. From where should I know them ?

CURRAN. Retire to rest
Where thou shouldst be at this time in the bed.
Cry not, cry not. I'am a councillor
I'm acquainted with the law. I never
Protected to my knowledge any of
The gentlemen in question, for in fact
It is a question whether they are gentlemen.
I call that bare-faced intrusion, specific are
The time for search and you have chosen the direst.
I'll have the matter brought before the chancery
Before to-morrow's moonset.—As for you—
I've told you go to bed— I want an invoice
Of what you've found suspicious—Sarah get in—
The disorder created in my home, the dishevelled
Of night's relaxed hair, —get in or I'll chase you in—
For all of which, items.

SARAH. Like a cattle
To be driven and redriven.—Oh unheard-of
Ignominy ! Why what a prerogative
To assume what a second harbors. They shall not
Ransack, if I can help it — daddy leave me
Go — well sir, you'll abstain from disintegrating,

For if you mean—I wont be chased to bed—
 To rob us of our possession, — leave me be —
 Then I demand your exit straight unceremouyless,
 Right about and streetward. Or I do alarm
 The entire household sir. Dickey my brother,—
 Get out of bed we are assailed by highwaymen!
 Lo! where my mother comes the garret down!
 Where are you porter? servant-lass send for a constable.

CURRAN. Musha, don't trumpet a special session up.

HARDWICKE. Miss Curran and Mister Curran we regret
 To be the incentive to this upheaval.
 Officers, cease the search. We now but crave
 To aid us in describing whether Emmet
 Is also a United Irishman.

GRATTAN. No cross-questioning here sir.

SARAH. United Irishman?
 Why what kind of Irishmen are United Irishmen?

CURRAN. Why Irishmen that are n't apart,—nolo defendam.

SARAH. I dont know anything about it at all, at all.

HARDWICKE. Not the least intimacy wite Robert Emmet?

SARAH. Daddy, what do they urge? no not the least.
 What means the night's coercion on us?

HARDWICKE. The following.

The reputed visits of his at Harold's Cross,
 Having raised suspicion's standard and send forth
 The scouters's trail, easy enough of itself.

CURRAN. But my house is fourteen by fifty, Harold's Cross
 Is a quarter of a mile. Upon the pain
 Of outlawry, I never harbored any of them.

BARTLEY. I offer we go up Kevin Streen where are
 The headquarters of the United Irishmen.

HARDWICKE. 'Tis a point in reference. Light us officers
 The stairs streetward. Sorry we be extremely
 Counsellor and for a pardon hope.
 Along the shadow of suspicion I move
 And stumble for sheer proof, for the which I hope
 You'll be exemplary and lend a hand
 For a clearance.—Call to-morrow at the Castle.

At nine o'clock when the Privy Council meets
Under Lord Castlereagh.
Come ahead down Bartley, come ahead down officers,
A good-night's rest Counsellor Curran.

(Exeunt).

ACT 3.

SCENE I. A Street before the Castle.

*Enter Majors Sandys and Severs in dialogue
and holding circulars.*

- SANDYS. Just say Severs, say to this discovery?
Is it not time the arsenal's howitzers
To switch upon these rebel inconoclasts
Who ever were and are the chief projectors
Of these volcanic missile-shelling, ha?
- SEVERS. I deem it opportune to erect
Such ramparts that securely might rebuff
The onslaught of aggression. For to let
Those propagandas of these malfactors
Their aggravate ignominy attain
Were to make frail the splicing of reliance
That knots the English Pale and what the hazard
Lest it untwines. Twere well to tighten it.
- SANDYS. And tight I shall by my majorship.
Lest this continues as it is continueing,
I will to Castlereagh the secretary
And fore his lordship lay the label of
Aggression's substance, so he might be judge of
The pottery of tranquility, the extent
Of the crack thereon and the disbursement of
For its reclaying
- SEVERS. I ween if you're about it
This will at least tincture the blanched dye
Of anguish that these casualties
Incurred the pigment of. But yet to water
Conjecture's mall, these fears scarce irrigate,

Why these chimeric scandals permeate
Through the snug furrow of inquietude
I lack the hoze of motive.

SANDYS,

'Tis but this.

England, as I surmise, you are aware of
So as to be invincibly secure
Pending the incursion of Napoleon's legions
Whose land and maritime forces that way tend,—
Hias, in premeditation of her posture
Herself impregnable made and as protectorate
Passed recently a bill annexing Ireland
By virtue of a union of the Parliaments
To her dominions; whereupon the Irish
Or chiefly those United Irishmen,
No sooner nephews made unto the compact
Than they with agitationary rudders
Rebuff the billows of enforced decorum
And furtively, with slow but steady expedients
The island's state in state of peril keep.

SEVERS.

Be this but thus as you surmise it major
Then best for us were to frustrate this menace
And from the thwarting turf eradicate
The very root's rootlets,

SANDYS.

I'll see me for a shovel,—

Rest easy in the hammock.—Here's Bartley,

Enter Bartley with a lantern.

And with a lantern. In the throne's name, whose?

BARTLEY.

The arsenals.

SANDYS.

Bears Bartley it?

BARTLEY.

Sir Major!

SANDYS,

Well?

BARTLEY.

I bear it.

SANDYS

Approach therewith.

BARTLEY.

I'm right along sir major.

SANDYS.

Switch the ordinance streetward on the embrazure
Let us be ready to recartridge those
That hold us targetted. Will you be with me
What sample of emetic we compound

To puke this peril off.

BARTLEY.

I'll be that drugsman.

SANDYS. Precede me to the castle. Lantern high !

BARTLEY. I lift it sir major.

(Exeunt)

SCENE 2. Another street near the castle.

Sounds of cannon roars afar off, Cries of "Riot" "Riot."

Enter two Rioters and other rioters.

1st RIOTER. Shure phwat the devil's that ?

2nd RIOTER. That's the moon settin' ?

1st RIOTER. She's settin' with a moighty crash in Olreland !

2nd RIOTER. Here're two in taffeta hats, kape a-sleuth.

1st RIOTER. Get back o'th' mud-barrel, yez spalpeens.

(Enter O'Connell and Grattan meeting)

O'CONNELL. Sure Grattan this must be,

GRATTAN.

Guess that's O'Connell.

O'CONNELL. Grattan there !

GRATTAN.

Shake hands !

O'CONNELL.

Ay and hold on !

For the ground shakes under us slip-shot.

I just come off an ace on a debate

Of eminent domain against Earl Gulchie

And as you know I live on Grafton Street

In that direction sauntering, suddenly

My heart almost palpitating in me

Out of abstract fright, right under my toes

A gunpowder fuse went off.

GRATTAN.

There's in it discernment.

I suppose it is the retaliation of

The United Irishmen because we didn't

Join in the cause. See the suspicious two,

With others in the distance. There's aught afloat.

Got a cudgel about ?

O'CONNELL.

My knuckless 'll do for proxy.

GRATTAN. Ye twain whoever you be or ought to be

Why do you like a bat about a steeple

'Trail us in the street ?

1st RIOTER. We've matter with the both o'you,

GRATTAN. With us?

1st RIOTER. Exactly.

GRATTAN. We'll have you state and end
The matter.

1st RIOTER. They're state's matters.

GRATTAN. That there

Matters but little,

O'CONNELLE. Well you oughly ricksaw

What's aft with the concourse of the twain of you?

2nd RIOTER. What matters that to you?

O'CONNELL. In that what's the matter?

2nd RIOTER. We've matter for you.

GRATTAN. They intend us abrasion
For they want our carnivorous matter.

1st RIOTER. Just

About the size of that.

2nd RIOTER. For we would know

How Parliamentarians fare with hardware of

The sharp variety.

*(They set on them. O'Connell
and Grattan fly crying
"Riot! Riot!")*

1st RIOTER. We'll give'em what they gave Thistlewood.

2nd RIOTER. A sound preliminary. Here's more anon.

*[Enter a Riot-act proclaimer
followed by citizens]*

RIOT-ACT PROCLAIMER. (reads) Rioters of Dublin! Our sovereign lord the king chargeth and commandeth all persons being assembled immediately to disperse themselves and peaceably depart to their habitation or to their lawful business, upon the pains contained in the penal code made and enacted in the first year of the House of Hanover for preventing tumultuons and riotous assemblies. God save the king!

1st RIOTER. Have you finished?

RIOT-ACT PROCLAIMER. I have.

1st RIOTER. We'll finish you then.

They murder him and the citizens.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE 3. Before Dublin Castle.

The sides of the stage representing street-corners.

*Enter Robert Emmet in uniform from one street meeting
Redmond, Russel, McCabe, McCarthy, and O'Sheil
with revolvers from the other coming.*

EMMET. Connrads, appropriate met. The pulse of duty
Unswervingly beats. Fail any among us however !
Where's Redmond ?

REDM. Here.

EMMET, And Russel ?

RUSSEL. There.

EMMET. Where are

McCabe and McCarthy ?

RUSSEL. There they are.

EMMET. Where is

O'Sheil ?

REDM. He's here with the rest,

EMMET. Then we are all

Together?

REDM. No not altogether.

RUSSEL. O'Sullivan

Is missing among us. What are we to do ?

EMMET. When you know not what to do, do nothing,

Is a principle with us. O'Sullivan

Puts us into a quandary as to whether

Proceed or otherwise tarry. Proceed would put

A set-back on our part since those adherants

Under O'Brien's leadership have failed

To make appearance. On the other hand

To tarry would unman the fortitude

We are champions of, for the instant ef the attack

To be perpetrated. Which of ye prefer

That we in the disbursement of being liable

Fall scanty in the amount of exercise

But reach the purpose's asset.

REDM. As to that

I would enjoin we had best defer
Till the pellicle heave.

EMMET. If the rest agree—

RUS. I'm for that option.

O'SHEIL. Likewise I.

MCCABE- I also.

EMMET. Acquiesce you with them McCarthy?

MCCARTHY. For my part.

EMMET. That's ambiguously averred.

MCCARTHY. I go in that railing.

EMMET. Oh that's obvious. Then we will wait for O'Brien.

Enter O'Sullivan hastily.

REDM. Give waiting the stub O'Sully!

EMMET. Where's the mischief Herlihy.
That your feature bear excitement's contour? Met
You Harriet anywhere?

O'SULLIVAN. Her! met her in Grafton Street
at the head of a troupe of rioters intoxicated.

EMMET. Hear I aright? Intoxicated! I do not
Cherish it at all. Has she wooed Bauhante? it seems
I misinterpreted her. Erin, thy stupefying

Enter O'Hara.

Thy many distilleries cause thee. Hello O'Hara!
Wherefrom arrive you?

O'HARA. From Parliament Street Emmet-

The rioters have sacked the Parliament
Then in a body leaderless ignited
Conciliation Hall, thence divided
In companies, the companies taking head
Respectively to the Hibernian Library
The Custom House, the City Hall, the Bank
Of Ireland, setting them all on fire
With torches and with cans of photogen.
Patrick Cathedral and Holy Trinity Church
Have become dyers and tinged the sky a new mordant.
A Kilkenny band has attacked and skirmished
Kilmainham Penitentiary and made
Calvary out of it.

EMMET.

Allow inquiry O'Hara

Has O'Dwyer's band been about?

O'HARA. No inkling of him.

EMMET. I mind me now I wrote him a later date.

RUSSEL. 'Tis bad and odd, how are we now to act?

EMMET. I told you when you do not know what to do,
Do not do anything, the cheapest apothegm.

REDM. There's someone running hither at breakneck.
Mark close, a stamping.

Enter O'Brien out of breath.

RUSSEL. A running step carries

A telling import.

O'BRIEN. Oh pals, pals,—

EMMET. Well what's

The besiegeable on the ears' portcullis Clancy.

O'BRIEN. The pike and ax of news'. Long Merrion Square
The men of Wicklow with flag and music marching
Intercepted a' calash bearing chief-justice
Kilwarden and his daughter, and put to pike
The body of the aged jurist.

EMMET. Killed him! Oh murder

Whom art thou dallying in revolution's night?

RUSSEL. Grand for him! serves him straight! the legal scamp!

EMMET. Enpal this gashed-up intelligence for nothing
Can expose the like brutality. Oh I
Know not what to do with myself!

REDM. Man born

'Tis the petty sprinkling. But is 't the whole of the hose?

RUSSEL. O'Brien narrate the rest, what's the last chapter?

O'BRIEN. May I be paralytic and expire
Upon the pavement, if what I say's untrue.
While a group of the insurgents crossed the Coombe
To link with a concours'd band, unawares,
From out the Kingstown barracks, the militia
In an unwavering charge did toward them head
With pike and rifle. They met the combatans
And at the sortie half succeeded had
In frustrating them, when to their mortification
The British dragoners in the midst appearing
Into confusion drove them, which exercise

Brought helter-skelter the adversary
 To the level of rout. They could not rally after that.
 Meanwhile the bustle and the din of armor
 Chilling the populace with frigid climate
 At the north side of twilight, the scarce-warmed dawn
 Like vermins out of burrow-holes emanating.
 Tumble out of bed pell-mell and topsy-turvy
 Scud nude about the lanes and thoroughfares
 Aghast, perplexed with cries of "Riot" "Riot".
 Noting this I scourged at trotter's rate along
 To acquaint you with the species of events
 That progressed have. I deem it but sagacious
 We disperse forwith.

EMMET. Just shelf that caustic will you !
 Drip none of that into those pustules that
 These tiding corrode us with.

REDMOND (to Russel) What a catastrophe !

RUSSEL (to Redm) Frightful !

McCABE (to McCarthy) What disparaging tiding !

McCARTHY (to McCabe) Of the extreme.

O'SHEIL (to Sulliv) A chill yarn this.

O'SULLIV (to O'Sheil) A nor here nor there narrative.

O'SHEIL. Our leader offers council, attend fellow-comrads.

EMMET. The decisive instance's arrived. An instance only
 Last all decision, the after influence
 An hiatus. Let us therefore be hilaric I say
 Rather than pensive. So, so, so, this then
 Is the narrative, it's quite well-asterick'd
 If the agate bears the romance's folio proofsheets through !

O'BRIEN. [aside] I'm no subscriber to such blarney.

EMMET. I

Shall supplement to that a "to be continued"
 That'll savor of the thrilling. I insist we cheer
 Hurrah ! I'll fight it out till the fight be roundly
 Fought out on military tactics. I intend
 To counter death in any uncouth alley
 Than be coup'd off with a handful adherers
 For the gibbet's raffle. Not, "no, no, no",
 But "yes, yes, yes", rap her hard and no coaxing

About it. Then as well that way,—“Faugh-a-ballagh!”
 It is a republic we for Irishmen would.
 In line Etruscans, on deck. We are men
 And Irishmen, get that. Into the Castle
 Redmond, Russel, McCabe, McCarthy, O’Sheil,
 O’Sullivan, O’Hara and O’Brien,
 And immolate her guards. I remain
 On the exterior to await the forces
 About due from the suburbs.—Forward! though
 Our heads or bodies founder, cleave for Paddy!
 Sally hard for Ireland the land of ire!
 High with the harp of Tara! Erin’s lads
 Shall key her a tune anew!

*Exeunt all into the
 castle except Emmet.*

This night is riot’s statue. There’s Harriet Sarsfield—
 Staggering and intoxicate, an abhorrence
 Of a sight for a young woman, in a juncture
 So critical.—Derelict on decency and stock’d
 With Scotch high-ball and what bumper not—

Enter Harriet drunk.

Up to premium. Drunk and tottering
 I shall ignore her. Looking at thee Harriet
 I’am impelled to sigh alas.

HARRIET.

Why alas?

Since ’t is a lass.

EMMET.

For a lad? you’d ingraft

Anybody repugnance.

HARRIET.

How would I?

EMMET.

Is this proper

A condition to be in? From whose aleshop
 Do you take night.walks?

HARRIET.

I maintain equipoise.

EMMET.

It is manifest Oh ay,—why you topple this way.

HARRIET.

True lad I would have parley with thee. I

Am well alive of whose to stretch to-night.

Though my mind whirls yet my limbs they,—they,—

Be not then shaking me off because of absinthe.

By the riot’s anniversary, you’re buxomest

Of the tread easy. A secret ! let's elope.

EMMET. Leave me alone Harriet, I must off.

HARRIET. Do not be dodging me I'll not be tagging thee.

EMMET. Oh will ye leave me then free from ye ?

HARRIET. Dazzling sapphire !

EMMET. Arrah ! 'tis emerald I'm.

HARRIET. My bud o'primrose !

EMMET. Musha, 'tis shamrock I'm.

HARRIET. Faix, viewing thee up thou feignest similitude
Of Carolan typified at the harp. I cherish
Companionship with comrads who have borne
The classic stamp as thou. Thy plaited locks
Have keyed the cithera, chimed up the verse
Of Moore, his sacred muse apostrophizing.

EMMET. Contemptuous allusion ! respectlessness
Of insinuation ! Get away from me for good.

HARRIET. Of verification he
Had dedication made thee. I imbibe
Of the muse and madeira, so here goes honeysuckle
I press the "thee" of thee to the "mine" of me.
Hm ! how's the bow of this violin colophony ?

EMMET. From a tipstress at the puncheon, poetry
Like this, amusing sounds, instructive barely.

HARRIET. Pray you lad a sip from the scoop.

EMMET. Get on
You're martin-drunk

HARRIET. Now, now—

EMMET. Yes now, now—
Remove thy arms from my neck, that system
Were condemnable.

HARRIET. Lord, lord, I fancy you inscrutibly
Inexpressibly unto very violence.

EMMET. Father Prount what an epiphany !

HARRIET. Nay evict me not;
For months have I surveyed the opportunity
To divulge to you my attributes. Ay I do
Experience emotion to be thy,—thy,—
In this great night when liberty's accomplished

Thou, president of the provisional government,
As thy love, I'd share thy triumph's tribulation,
And mount with thee the scaffold for Erin's sake.

EMMET. What blarney and what blubber ? I'm devoted
Too far to my country's love to give a thought
To frills and furbelows.

HARRIET. That's making it travesty.
I'm sober enough, 'tis forgery inculcate,
(Spite o'th' wet overhaul to drown my sorrows)
And to a pretence. Drunken as I am I know
Thou fanciest Sarah Curran, she the rival
Of revolutionary Harriet Sarsfield
Who carries a revolver when she covets
A purpose for a use.

EMMET. Wish you were angry!
Inebriate ire iess than love intoxicate
Homely appears. I venture you sober not off
In a sennight.

HARRIET. Bit of a foreteller ! a fair
Presaging flamen, straight prognosticated.

EMMET. I demand in the name of decency and etiquette
You leave me cross the steps and into the castle
For I would to the patriots within there.

HARRIET. Ducky, ere hence, scurvy and leper had prior
Encrustate me if I infringe on thy scope.
Oh wherefore slight you me ? With Sarah Curran
Thou gamboldest lightfoot who hugg'd thee to the teat
Feigning a toy-spaniel on her toozled lap,
I ween, I ween.

EMMET. Arrah, disengage thee from my body in the mean.

(Noise within)

HARRIET. Nay ye myrmidons in the battle of affection
Persist by death's crevice, hold by Marathon !
Love for one's land, one's home, one's fancied features
Are the swooning twilight that revive the dawn,
Oh to live, to love, to die is all a girl cares for.
Life without love is death, death with love is life
As when living by loving, dying only for loving

- Yea loving unto dying, ay e'en loving whilst living.
- EMMET. Dark is the night, my way is bleak and far!
The street's on riot and beloved I'm being.
- HARRIET. Odd 'tis that thou inspirest. Bid me rush
In fire-flame, leap the rapids, my head fracture
Against the rock tarpean, jaguar-like howl
The lemur's roar against, counter the typhoon
In Mid-Afric's—
- EMMET. Self-duped, rum-crazed
Beer-besot Harriet. Oh for being
Rescued from her!
- HARRIET. A final appeal recalcitrate.
With thee to the parochial, without,—the obituary.
Gainsay me and I riot all over thee.
- EMMET. Halt there! (*draws revolver*)
- HARRIET. Enticement's slice willt offiance me!
- EMMET. Harriet Sarsfield make a terminus, offer
The "now I lay me down to sleep" to Ireland.
Her sunset and thy brevertime's about due.
I'll cause thy countrygirls strow pansies o'er—
Thy grave and have'em inscribe. "There's one
Lived once, unrelabeled by one, died as one such once,
Conn'd by rote the terse syllable of drink,
Wrote the three of the four letters spelling it stupor
Dying in a riot's night",
- HARRIET. Just give us a hug will you?
- Give's a lying-in, at least a hold-round?
- EMMET. Lewd lout, I'll bury a bullet in thy chest's
Cemetery.
- HARRIET. Oh ye will, will ye?
- EMMET. (*fires*) There then,—Ha!
With a gasp die whilst I ery Erin-go-bragh!
- HARRIET. Sisters of charity! sisters of mercy,—'tis
Shot I have been, the unmolten lead sizzles in me.—
Assistance! I succumb! Oh Emmet, did ye count
By shooting me, to cheat me of the gallows?
Already death woos me and claims me his bride.
Night of my horizon hurry the midnight and
Ship me above! for below have I had share in

As had preceding patriotess' for Erin! *Exit staggering*

(Enter from the Castle McCabe)

McCarthy, O'Sheil, O'Sullivan and rush off in diverse direction.

EMMET. The last of the Sarsfield's stock I gamble off.—
Ho there McCabe! ho there McCarthy! Hist—
Whom are ye after? where the destination?
O'Sheil! O'Sheil! O'Sullivan! O'Sullivan!
Like dust across a crevice seen and gone.

Enter Redmond.

In time and to the purpose shown yourself.
Redmond, what's to be devined! no forces?
Why was there not a Roman rocket shot off?
Haste, haste, signal the forces, clang the tocsin
From the minarets.—There's Harriet staggering.

REDM. Ne'er mind, she's tipsy. The stairs are undermined.

EMMET. Escalade them.

REDM. The ladders are demolish'd.

EMMET. Well scale the secret labyrinth Poor Hetty!

REDM. Why do you pine o'er inebriates? What labyrinth?

EMMET. What labyrinth? Just like the Sarsfield jag
Who lies prostrated by me, trumped out of muck

REDMOND. Killed! To what labyrinth refer you?

EMMET. That from the crypt that's winding.

REDM. I'll try if I can

And if I can, try ascension.

EMMET. Clear the dormitory.

REDM. I'll clear that.

EMMET. Pass across to the citadel.

REDM. There's a gangway first.

EMMET. Double quick on the sprint.

Yet wait. Oh Harriet Sarsfield, by my arm

Enter Russel.

Pushed off the edge! Ha! Russel!

RUSSEL. Ahead!

EMMET. Ahead?

RUSSEL. We are pursued—

REDM. Tracked after?

EMMET. Track'd? pursued?

RUSSEL. Ay ay.

REDM. Art sure?
 EMMET. What true? by whom? when? where?
 RUSSEL. The castle's garrison—
 REDM. Under Hardwicke is it?
 RUSSEL. Are routing, -raiding,—
 EMMET. Whose adherers?
 RUSSEL. Ours!
 EMMET. Liberty and tyranny keep me sane!
 RUSSEL. 'Tis true.
 EMMET. The uproar construes as much.

[Explosions within.]

RUSSEL. Hark! the explosives! What's with Harriet?
 REDM. Dump her out of view. Cheer up Robert Emmet.
 Every alekeeper knew Harriet for a booze,
 The sound of marchers. Here's the promised boon.
 The cusp rotates, get round my jollies, for
 It will be Ireland or England or anarchy
 Or neither.

*On the side of the stage representing street-corners
 appear delegation of armed men carrying Irish
 banners, commanded by McCabe, McCarthy, O'Shei
 and O'Sullivan*

RUSSEL. The subleaders! take initiate!
 EMMET. Castleward pals! the portal past! o'er the steps! rah!
 Historic Gaels! *(rushes on, the men following with "Hurrah
 (for Robert Emmet".*
 Hurrah for me? No, hurrah for Ireland!
 The portals slip open. Front! a respite there!

*The Castle gates open and reveal
 Hardwicke and British red-coats
 ready for a charge.*

REDMOND. There's the Earl, Russel, there's the Earl, Emmet.
 HARDWICKE. Into the streets, riots!

EMMET. Not on your red-coats
 HARDWICKE. Soldiers dispute the entrance to the portcullis!
 EMMET. Swing round the bastion lads!
 HARDWICKE. A volley on the scab!

*Firing begins on both sides and
 a hand-to-hand fight ensues.*

EMMET. Bntt them Hebernians— these Castile bulls—
 HARDWICKE. Beat them back! combine with the reserves—

- EMMET. Land right and left—jab'em with shillelaghs—
Push in and past ! get to the bayley wall,—
- HARDWICKE. Corner the leaders, -arrest them -get them in custody—
- EMMET. Have you got them ? they'll give it to them !
I, an Irish cur ? dirty English slop of a cur !
- HARDWICKE. On the top o'them, slug them stepward, -gain an inning
Thrust them this way, —parry them collective—
- EMMET. Hands with me lads ! the fists and knuckles of the hand !
Irish are beaten
- Rally—
Rally less lads, rally less strenuous,
The hurl from freemen fails to wallow tyranny.
- HARDWICKE. Disperse and give chase, polish it into them.—
- EMMET. Retreat my pals.
Cancel the bloodshed, we're reduced in the fight,
Adherants few ! adhere with me in flight.
- HARDWICKE. Pursue 'em ! pursue 'em ! *Exeunt pursued and amidst
explosions and cries of "Riot" "Riot"*
-

ACT 4.

*SCENE 1. Louth. Dublin. Interior of
King's Court. Lord Norbury and barons as judges; a jury
of twelve on one side, near whom sits the Courtclerk
discovered People at the court-doors fronted
by military. Robert Emmet guarded.*

- NORBURY. Clerk of the Assizes!
- CLERK. Your honor ?
- NORBURY. See whether the counsellors
Curran and attorney for the Crown
Plunket. have prepared respectively
For the summing up.
- CLERK. That they have so please your honor,
They have sent notice they await being summoned.
- NORBURY. Have'em brought before.
- CLERK. The errand's spared my lord.
They return unsummoned. Here are both come to court

*Enter Curran and Plunket
from opposite doors and take sculs.*

- NORBURY. Jurors of the Assizes, are you ready
To give attention, out of the law's grace
State's evidence and the defence being in,
To the resumption ?
- FOREMAN. Ready my lord justice.
- NORBURY. Attorney for the state Baronet Plunket
Take the initiatory. Clerk report
Verbatim and on vellum whatsoever's
Set forth in the delivery, then file it.
Along states documentals. Crown's counsel to the bar !
- PLUNKET. Gentlemen of the jury, judges of the bench,
In summing up for the crown no duty more
Imposing than the present one devolves
Upon the prosecutor for the kingdom.
Gentlemen, no commonplace defendent
Yonder pen holds, but a criminal de facto
Charged with the infringing'd statute of the Sixth Edward,
With compassing the king's death, with levying
Against his realm war, with allying
With a foreign foe, itself treason to the crown.
- CURRAN. (aside) Tap a couple of more tacks into, why dont he ?
- PEUNKET. Honored baron-commissioners of the Assizes—
Shall confine myself to the last-named
Indictment. Robert Emmet the arraigned
Together with a number of fellow-comrads
On the night of July the twenty-third attempted
To seize by force the Government buildings of
The city of Dublin, the object of said prisoner
Being to instal a provisional government
Supplanting the monarchical. Now, if this
Is not high treason then I was never attorney
For people or for state, then there is
No high treason at all, no people and no state.
- CURRAN.(aside) Wait the abrading thou dost him will cost thee peeling
- PLUNKET. Furthermore, as hereuntofore proven
Therefore and no abatement of the crime
Which by the law's presumption is no crime

Till so adjudged by jury. Robert Emmet
Would set up an institution, a government,—
A government of lawful lawlessness
If anarchy could be its mononym,
Which is debatable.

CURRAN (aside) How severe a tone from a relative ! 'Tis a galling.
The bladder it distends and well-night ruptures.

PLUNKET. Enthusiasts in their dream's delirium
Imagine they unledge could, what centuries
It, to enmason took. It forever will
Remain a spectre of an impression the riot.
Oh what a spectacle for civilization !
I do not need to go over the particulars
Of that singular event. And I conclude
Empanelled jurymen and convey you
That the arraigned in person Robert Emmet,—
Instrumental in Harriet Sarsfield's immature death,
Involved in Judge Kilwarden's premature homicide,
The defence being incapable so far
To clinch the moral issue of the state
Versus rebellion, that when you retire
To deliberate, I hope that you return
A verdict worthy of the duty and namely
Guilty of high treason to the Crown.

NORBURY. Counsel for the defence will follow.

CLERK. John
Philpot Curran barrister, to the bar !

CURRAN. My lord judge-baron, ladies and gentlemen,—
As counsel for the defence in the king's assizes
For the prisoner held let me extol the law
That labors both bnder a guilty ransom
As under a guiltless. I have upon occasions
Prior to this argued for diverse clients
Whose incriminatory always was political
But never until now was it for me to plead
Other than that. For in this present case
High treason is the appellation of
The charge by the honorable Baron Plunket.

Why should this be high treason over or under
Than was the Despard and Fitzgerald precedent?
By precedent alone a charge is judged.
Why, has he murdered anyone? murdered have
Committed his associates, therefore then
The corpus delicti emphasized by the crown
Has a leak in the coo-per-age.

PLUNKET. (aside) The goat rams in the woods
When the gibbet's but a stone's throw.

CURRAN. Let me then trust
That you are conscious of the trial's site
The kind of vicinity it hath allotted you
That the prisoner's lottery lies in your raffle,
That his existence poises in your behalf
That his life's deposit lies in the verdict's vault.
And may I also trust, you rather have
All his demerits underjudged than have
Misjudged his merits. Let it be my confidence
That you have contemplated o'er the scene
Of your duty and rest settled.

PLUNKET. (aside) This stale poker
Won't caper any aces up.

CURRAN. The sublimest
Master of sculptors never in his art
As dexterous was as when he turned out
The article man his masterpiece. Examine him!
The features of Heracles lie stamped upon him
The cunning of Jason, of Minerva the
Intuitional handicraft, for him Pythias
Weeps in her pining for the love of him
The man, a-er-to-be, the son of a father,
Gone from amidst us, honored and revered,—
Robert Emmet,--there he stands,--look at him gentlemen
Of the jury—see him!—does he wince at having
The charge of high treason flung at him
The awe-inspiring, not the repulsive
In him makes that apparent. Now his eyes
Are soaked, but so are mine I warrant ye.

NORBURY. Go on Counsellor Curran, continue.

- CURRAN. I plead then
For the prisoner's extremity of youth
Of the world at large, his inexperience
With people his seniors. The good and true
Fall always victim to the bad and false.
The honorable Baron Plunket was
A schoolfellow of Emmet's—
- PLUNKET. I object
To personal allusion.
- NORBURY. That objection
I overrule baron.
- PLUNKET. Why, why not sustain it my lord.
When Robert Emmet's affianced is the daughter
Of Counsellor Curran's—
- CURRAN. Oh just hear that
Flap o'the wing! I stirred a beetle-hive.
Sustain it your honor, sustain the glorious baron.
- PLUNKET. Let him plead insanity—
- CURRAN. On a demurrer may be.
- PLUNKET. Have'em paroled—
- CURRAN. Perhaps remanded?
- NORBURY. (gavelling) Counselors!
- CURRAN. Concluding then,
I plead against death-sentence that it may
Mutation undergo for life-transport
To Van Dieman's land. Bring in a verdict. I fully
Anticipate unanimous an acquittal.
- NORBURY. Gentlemen of the jury retire for a verdict.
- FOREMAN. We concord on instruction and confirm.
- NORBURY. Clerk of the court convey the gentlemen
Into the jurychamber. *Exeunt clerk and jury.*
A pause of three minute after which
re-enter jurors and clerks, who reseal
themselves.
- CLERK. My lord the verdict's reached.
- NORBURY. Rise all concerned.
The law requests your attention in the direction
Of the jury.
- FOREMAN. Our duty as jurors to the court.

NORBURY.

Jurors—

Look on the prisoner, prisoner look
Upon the jury. Say your verdict sir.

FOREMAN. We, the twelve jurors in the trial conducted for Robert Emmet charged with instigating and abetting in the riot of July the twenty-third in the city of Dublin find the aforementioned prisoner Robert Emmet guilty of high treason to the state with a recommendation of leniency to the grace of the King's Assizes. So help us God Almighty.

NORBURY. You may resume your seats until dismissed.

I thank you highly gentlemen of the jury.

*Curran and Plunket rise to object
a general consternation.*

CLERK. Order! His honor, the judge-baron speaks.

NORBURY.

Gentlemen

In further are exempt. And I commend
The patience you displayed. Robert Emmet
A jury of twelve citizens find you guilty
Of high treason to the state. The clerk of the court
Shall put it formally.

CLERK.

What have you now

To say why death and judgement should not be
Upon you passed according to the verdict?

EMMET.

May it please the judge and public. It has been
Requested of me what I have to say

Why sentence of death upon me should not be
Pronounced to law according. I have, in what
I may myself the immunity deem, to say,
Hardly of validity anything. Yet if
It be to the court no breach of etiquette

I shall endeavor to unharness me from
The mesh of testimony wherewithal

I like a raft was tugged in the maelstrom. From same
With that view in mind I seize the opportunity
To vindicate myself from the charges of
Grave infamy and obloquy consigned
Outrageous libel, dastard calumny!

NORBURY.

Take care, take care there prisoner, cease there.
The accomplishment of all your chimerical

And mad design for a government's overturning
Will never measure with the base defiant
Position of such as you adjudged of a crime
How you, the superiors in the law's service
The charivari give. Nor fire nor flood
Shall consume as has the fire and the flood
Of your bashlessness and spitefulness and what not.
Consumed the cinders of respect and that way
Aroused dissension in loyalty. I insist
Upon the moderation of your tone,
Irrespective of impulsion.

This is a court sir, a court of law and euirry,
Which unevoked is passive, but will counter
The big voice with the huge law clerp time.
Proceed, the court desires you continue.

EMMET.

Let no one epitaph me, for as none
That shared my motives vindicate them might
As I had recourse to. When Ireland takes
Her place among the nations of the world
Then, only then at not untill then, let
My epitaph be written. But till then
And when my soul shall heaven's empire enter
And join the bands of Ireland's patriot-martyrs
Who bled upon the battle as on scaffold
I've still that hope that my adherant survivors
The remnant crew of freedom's expedition
The bark of liberty not cease to ply
Though they're reversed by that perfidious pilot
Who in pretence of stewarding their course
With a pair of muscles hard as sledgehammer
Whereto appendix'd pend two wrought-iron paws
Into a cesspool steers them; who betrays
Their destiny, grating it along askew
The ingulfing reef, the liquid quicksand shoals
Of unbuoyed rapids' treacherous undertow!

NORBURY.

Forbear! I do abjure you ay admonish
Against these sentiment enunciated.
A punchinello you and your blazonry

Forensic, yourself as well as the court considerest
 With oakboy cawing and with guffaw retort
 To the immediate in-hearing. You've been
 As was during the trial convinced, connected
 With French authority I term treason; treason
 That glares by flaring *prima facie*.
 I do not know gentlemen of the jury,
 No, gentlemen of the jury, I seriously
 Regret we have a court at all, I regret it.
 What cares the rioter for the Magna Carta,
 A king's signet goads him on to riot,
 What's his concern, let alone nonchalance, for
 Petitions, for the Bill of Rights, the Statutes
 Of *praemunire*? why what bothers he o'er tallage,
 O'er scuttage, disseizure or the Privy Council?
 Where rascalty could o'er her shoulders toss
 The shawl of malignity, these iconoclasts
 Would trot the alley that style. No court-justice
 Ever yet legislated for vindicators
 Who wielded boomerangs across their scalp
 With recreant aim. Nor will I tolerate
 The fusilade of abuse you rams me with,
 No sir, I'm not bound to.

EMMET.

I appeal to the immaculate God
 Before whose throne I shortly shall appear
 By the dead patriot's blood who preceded me,
 That my conduct all throughout my purposes
 Where characterized and governed only by
 No other view than that of the liberation
 What'er subsequent mode of procedure I'd have gone into
 Of my fellow-Irishmen, from the sucking of
 The neighborhood leech. And I am confident
 Of that enactment spite of all subverters;
 I wish my memory as well as the name
 Of Robert Emmet may animate my followers
 While I look down complacently upon
 The immolation of that nefarious overrule
 Which upholds dominions by the Most high's apostacy

Which displays it brutal and its animal snatch
O'er fellow-being as o'er forest-beast,
Sets brother against brother, uplifts his arm
In the Divine's name against his fellow's gullet
Who believes or doubts a little more or less
Than the government standard itself, a government
Steeled to barbarity, iron to the wail
Of asylum deathcries, of almshouse window-tears
Of violated females, of wives raped !

NORBURY. Oh shame ! Oh silence ! Your improvident talk
If they inspire us at all inspire us
With an inspiration that inspires disgust
Empson are you making us liveries ?
You shant continue in this court this sample.
Fag no pretence like Warbeck ? Your behaviour
In a court of law is insolent in the extremest,
Respectless of the dignity of the judiciary
A disgrace to jurists who've sat and propounded
The law of crime. Oh shame yourself adown
Your very interior.

EMMET. Oh yet I've always
To be a judge's mission understood it
When to conviction brought a criminal was
To speak with feeling of humanity
To sympathize with him to plead with him
And in his plight bear nominal a share.
That 't was a judge's duty so to do
I had no doubt thereon. But where alas,
Is all that suffrage of your institutions ?
That philharmonic temperance that you brag of
If a political prisoner whose illuck
To fall a victim in your hands it was ?
My lord you know that as incarnate beings
We jointly shall appear on that great trial
In that great court of law, in God's assizes,
At that resplendent true and real tribunal,
And it shall then ostensibly remain
For yon chief magistrate to sentence those

Who, though they have been wrong were rightly wrong
 When they ran their country's errand. Yes, your honor.
 Who when mere babes in cribs lisp'd freedom's name
 And in maturity each syllable cheered;
 These heaven shall judge who like the august eagle
 Supremely wafts in flight beyond the eyre
 Built on the shoulder of some anarch crag,
 Men that for right of the land, a people's cause,
 Left firesides smouldering dimmer than hope,
 To rush to the battlefield, deliver Irishmen
 From their joint perpetrators in the patricide—
 Oppose unto their capabilities' utmost
 Defend every Irish trot of turf, and beaten
 Their veins first puncture rather than ascend
 In penalty's name the gallows' steps, where next
 The red-attired slaughtering decapitator
 A gang of veteran, lord peers slug 'round
 And with hosannas of thanksgiving grin—
 As o'er—the gibbet's ledge—an Irishman's—dangling—
 Froth oozing — from the lips, — blood squirting,—
 Gasping, — writhing,—

(falls unconscious)

CLERK.	Observe! the prisoner faints!
CURRAN.	He drops! he's overwhelmed.
NORBURY.	He staggers!
PLUNKET.	He sinks!
CLERK.	Gavel order!
FOREMAN.	Suspend sentence!
CURRAN.	Adjourn court!
PLUNKET.	Yield up the session!
NORBURY.	Tend to the arraigned!
CLERK.	The jury rises to leave.
CURRAN.	Oh embittering sight!
NORBURY.	Convey him hence to Kilmainham yeomen.
FOREMAN.	Oh hapless fellow!
PLUNKET.	Dread coincidence!
NORBURY.	It is unwarranted. I close the trial And for resprieves I exercise denial.

*Exeunt, Emmet
 being carried limp.*

ACT 5.

SCENE 1. Interior of a cell in Kilmainham prison furnished as for political prisoners. Doors leading to Bridge of Sighs and Scaffold.

Enter McGregor and McVickar.

MCGREGOR. It is the end, the door of mercy's blocked.
Pleading this morn Lord Castlereagh I sought
To grant to Robert Emmet a reprieve.
He brusky whisked me by nor would comply
So meagre my entreaty influenced him.

MCVICKAR. I thought it would be so, I thought so Mac,
Entirely e'ervehement has been
Bob's vindication on the trial's occasion,
Inspired to bid triumphant a farewell
Exhibit the patriot in the convict's features,
He bared the bosom of his country's theme
And struck an angry chord that did reverberate.

MCGREGOR. Emmet was fury itself personified.
Were he but sedate were but rational
A reprieve might have stayed the hangman's nooze;—
But as it is the end is imminent
And we remain the sad reviewers of
The edition of his martyring that's to follow.

MCVICKAR. Yes we can hope no more for Robert Emmet.
All hope for Robert Emmet now's complete,
God's will it is his life on earth be done.
His parents (Oh well for them they're deceased)
The foundering of their son they shall not witness
Who save for that at least might have been spared
The event that thus has wrecked themselves and him.

MCGREGOR. Too fast the close, too soon the drop. For see
Where hithter grandeur's barge dissail'd,
Across departure's dreary frith drifts past
For a last view upon leavetaking's shore
Wherefrom ochone! no pilot can steer past.

McVICKAR. Let me suggest we go to Emmet's cell
And with our tears astreaming bid farewell.

(Exeunt)

*Enter Major Sandys and Severs and soldiers
leading O'Sheil and O'Sullivan cuffed-*

SEVERS. Prisoners of Kilmainham hear the warrant
Verbatim read to you from the commissioner!

SANDYS. (reads) "The people of the United Kingdom of
To the Commissioner of Kilmainham, greeting:—
Whereas at a court of Special Assizes
In Country Louth Dublin the second judicial
District, in the year Anno Domini
One thousand Eight Hundred and three, the sixteenth
Of August; before John Toler Lord Norbury
Of the said country and city, court and district,
Gilhuly O'Sheil and Herlihy O'Sullivan
Were by due and full trial for state's treason
Tried and found guilty. And whereas—

O'SHEIL. That whereas
Is a popp'd scarecrow, doesn't startle me any.

SANDYS. On the sixteenth day of the said month August
One Thousand Eight Hundred and Three, a day
To expiate the penalty of the crime
Prescribed by the laws of the Crown, And therefore,—

O'SULLIVAN. And therefore the lasoo round the gullet. Alright
Get her tied. warden

SANDYS. To the junior commissioner
The aforementioned be given in person, allowing
Access to none with a court's enjoinal, only
Excepting family members, physician, minister—

O'SHEIL. You may switch your minister.

O'SULLIVAN. Shove him in a chapel.

SANDYS. While the attendants and the Junior
Commissioner of said prison shall be witness
Of the infliction and the execution
Of sentence duly pronounced by Chief Justice
John Toler Lord Norbury, hereunto
Signature affixed, this sixteenth day of August
The Year One Thousand Eighteen Hundred and Three
(folds the warrant.)

SEVERS. They act derisive.

SANDYS. What do we give a —

SEVERS. For a circus us they deem.

SANDYS. Give'em arena

Let'em skip the rope, with the other rope they'll not skip.

Attention ! prisoners of the crown !

SEVERS. Face about !

SANDYS. I've read the warrant to you and apprized

The warranty's charge. Resign between you both

Whatever ties addict you to one other

Interlade and compact it atike with God.

The prison chaplain promised absolution

And will be at the scaffold.—

Major I do consign to you the prisoners

Precede them with the soldiers to the site.

SEVERS. Hand me that warrant.

I will with just precaution act the van.

Fellows be marshall'd and proceed we then,

March up the scaffold like unflinching men.

O'SHEIL. Unmurdered Nighty-Eighters, avenge us murdered-being

SEVERS. Here, here, these sentiments—

O'SULLIVAN. Bully for O'Sheil !

Light freemen's brand and singe to ashes the cruel,—

That's the pitch !

SEVERS. I give ye caution—

O'SHEIL. Erin ! bestir thee !

Unlatch thy shutters, liberty is dawning.

Jump out of bed, the morning sun is out !

SANDYS. Severs, get on the road.

SEVERS. Soldiers get'em a-hustling.

Maunch as ye choose, thwart us as you please

'Tis at the top o' th'mound the king's at ease.

Ereunt.

*Enter the Earl of Hardwicke, Bartley
and soldiers ushering in Redmond and Russel
cuffed.*

HARDWICKE. Prisoners ! In this apartment assume

The residue of time, two soldiers abiding

The death-watch till relieved, along with you,

The rest have with me for direction, myself
Will fellow straight after the disposition
Of warrant and of yeomen.

BARTLEY. So said so done.

REDM. Earl Hardwicke you'll allow us I confide
At least a few lines to address our relatives.

HARDWICKE. No pen no ink sir, I've no such accommodables.

REDM. Just a note, a couple remarks,

HARDWICKE. I regret.

The present prison code diswarrants it.

RUSSEL. Take sorrow for pen and tears for ink Redmond.

REDMOND. What, no correspondence?

HARDWICKE. Never a missive man,
Kilmainham leaves but through the Lord-lieutenant
The prerogative. This is no suspect office
Besides I've order to that effect.

RUSSEL. Earl Hardwicke

Once in a while men give over a weakness
By signs to another, raise the flag of distress.
I'm no exception. Since yesterday across
My lips no nourishment gave evidence.
For a bit of refreshment feebly I grope
Along the wall of appeal and charge it to you.
I take decision from the table of
Human kind for kind to evoke fraternity
For the common crust, all delicacies being
Good out of the Assizes.—

HARDWICKE. Must perforce announce
Am sorry I may not accommodate you.

RUSSEL. Might you let me have a scoop of water then?

HARDWICKE. The bydrant's plugg'd.

BARTLEY. Oh no it isn't!

HARDWICKE. Forsake

The presence of the corridor at once
Intermeddling jackanapes. Get a removal.

BARTLEY. Sure there's no harm handing a man some water [Exit.

RUSSEL. That's manhood. What shall I ask thee Erin?
From thy scooped-in eyesockets trickle together

Moisture for my broiled throat. Earl Hardwicke
Were I unhandcuff'd, I'd—well let 't be.

HARDWICKE. Do you no intimating I've here option.

REDMOND. That's the home-rule of his here.

HARDWICKE. Now, now, no backbite
From either of you in the pann'd retort
From roasting scalaways I'll stand for. *(Exit.)*

REDMOND. He's got
His host spiked solid, therefore the hyssop
For me, and for you Russel the bile.

RUSSEL. What
A shift of scene has come across our careers,
Oh what a terrificly terrible transmutation?

REDM. Dont Russel, dont be staggered, take it heroic.
Before you stoop take up the burden as a stoic.

RUSSEL. A goblet of hemlock my life to me was,—

REDMOND. An arena of hyenas my life to me—

RUSSEL. But I'll gulp it.

REDMOND. I'll beneath the paw
O'Neill-like. I'll emulate it socratic
In the tipping the cap,

RUSSEL. And my understratifying
Of Vesuvius-type I'll show.

REDMOND. Cheer up then!

RUSSEL. Oh

The gallowing part of it, otherwise
An armistice to flesh-rending my oath on 't.

REDMOND. Spunk

For all of that, we'll have no pallbearers.
Only woifs are scared. Then let me say our love
During life exceeded the fear of death, not death itself.

RUSSEL. It shall be said; put a bushel on that. With scaring
We were indifferent.

REDMOND. And no being despair'd either.

RUSSEL. That's

Been given the Catacomb. We will not see each other.

REDMOND. In another world evermore, in this nevermore.

RUSSEL. We'll fall in line here but fall out of line out of here.

For better to fall in line then the line fall in
Our demise must nor Irishman grieve, we should
With our moral and ethic aim inspire
Even English antipathy. For these politically
Condemned that would the rifle give calisthenics
'Round Kilmainham and Portsmounth, the state's furnace
Transcasting out of iniquity's adulation
The English visiting commission enthuse
That they may view the life-confined who blazed
With riot, now as from a penny-a-liner
Submissive penury of lot perceive.
Mind that !

REDMOND. An armistice to Jeremy. Meseems
This is the final clockstroke to chuck work off
To speak what's in us out of the love of us.
I hope you are convinced that you die Russel
For a right cause.

RUSSEL. There never was a correcter.
Christ died for the love of man do we do less.
By dying for the love of land ? (Oh heaviest
Of all hours this !)

REDMOND. I'm confident that Irishmen
Ail over the world their condolence express,

RUSSEL. God bless them ! Ireland how we suffer for thee !

REDMOND. Oh Russel you go first and I go after.
I'd rather I'd go first

RUSSEL. What's the diversity ?
If we together or we separate go ?
If we die separate we'll be dead together,
If we together die, we'll be dead separate.
I am prepared. Forever is the measure
Of all things reckoned by the absence of them.
Let me unburden me,—I'll flop her off,—
It dropping stuns and tangles me in the mesh!

REDMOND. Well Russel 't will be over soon.

RUSSEL. Pretty soon.

REDMOND. Between the "twill be over" and "'t is over"
What a bridge of sighs !

RUSSEL. An uno'erpassabble!
 REDMOND. Anyway manhood. Dont losc your head though.
 RUSSEL. That's
 A grim pun, we'll lose our heads sure enough.
 REDMOND. Put up a firm left at the right step.
 RUSSEL. What
 Can we but that?
 REDMOND. We can no more than that.
 'Tis destined by the supreme powers of fate
 That, the rake off, the toiler from the lea
 Must to his homestead sooner or later.
 RUSSEL. The mounting up to the—that's the hottest.
 REDMOND. Once mounted no dismounting
 RUSSEL. Have n't
 Our relative found some sort of an orifice
 To squeeze us through.
 REDMOND. All exit's been plugg'd.
 No artifice avails, for the commissioner
 Are unimportuneably unflexible.
 RUSSEL. Then
 Embrace Redmynd, for we are to die!
 REDMOND. Embrace, embrace Russel for the the final!
 RUSSEL. Good-bye!
 REDMOND. Good-bye! though in God's Erin
 We part never to meet this makes us sore.
 In God's you Erin we'll meet to part ne'ermore!

*Enter Hangman and soldiers
 who seize Redmond and Russel and
 lead them off. Exeunt.*

*SCENE 2. Before the Iron Gate of Robert Emmet's
 cell. Behind the bars Emmet discovered.*

*Enter McVickar and McGregor before
 the grating followed oy Bartley
 with keye.*

BARTLEY. The Lord-lieutenant by virtue of petitions,—
 Donates to Robert Emmet freedom, so—
 His relatives may interview with him
 Till now.

- McVICKAR. Thanks corporal,
 MCGREGOR. God's bounty on thee,
 BARTLEY. Opened
- The gate I have, make good the opportunity
 With prisoner Emmet. *Exit.*
- Enter Emmet from the cell.*
- McVicar. Oh nephew, nephew
 To what we're witness!
- McGregor. Woe the day of that year
 It ever came round!
- McVickar. We came to say good-bye
 But we cannot say it.
- Emmet. Let it remain unsaid.
 This show of fellow-feeling from my relatives
 In the bleak season of inveterate grief
 Is like the orange-colored dawn o'morning
 That after charcoal chacoal night profusely glows,—
 It is of love the imperial tributary.
 It is the kindling of immortal sympathy
 That burns in lamps of associateship.
- McGregor. Dear nephew,
 In our heart's dormitory found anxiety
 An ingress ever since we knew you.—How
 The eyes of our eyes in deluge wallow'd regards you
 During and at the trial.—How do you find yourself?
- Emmet. I find myself as I left myself.
- McVicker. With what feeling?
- Emmet. Quite comfortable.
- McGregor. Are you placid at soul?
- Emmet. Why should I not be?
 I've broke no panes, hurt no one. What's news?
- McVickar. Everything 's as usual.
- Emmet. I'm glad. Tell me McVickar
 Have O'Sheill and O'Sullivan gone my road?
 Has Russel and has Redmond gone my way?
- McVickar. Alas that bleak direction they have taken
 Teey wished you well even then.
- McGregor. Oh they prayed ever

- For the weal of their survivors, themselves scantily.
- Emmet. Apparently apparently.—How's my mother?
- McVickar. (aside) Inform him not of her.
- McGregor. (aside) I see not how.
- Emmet. Is she still ill?
- McGregor. (aside) How can I answer him?
- Emmet. Will you not tell me?
- McGregor. (aside) I know Robert, you
Would like to see your mother.
- Emmet. Oh what not,
What not, would I donate to see her!
- McGregor. Then
In short, you'll see her this same day. Alas
Up to her chest immersed in cares and worries
Calmly she stretched her arms out to the Rock.
Almost with the last of breath, she faintly asked
"I want to see my Bobby, I want to see my Bobby".
"The wish of her cherish'd dream, her Bobby-a-Roon".
Peace to her on God's soil, she had scant below.
And I a man—Oh it just cut slices off me.
'Tis seldom that I weep, but these circumstance
Pinn'd me for good. We buried her at St. Kevin,
The nearest and farthest attending. I held it fitting
Since you evoked it out, you knew of it
Before you too get off this station. And so—
I see you burry the face in the kerchief—come,—
Brace up lad, bear it over and forget not
That death's a hush to those whose life has been
A hallobaloo. Trouble no more her spirit
She's exempt from that. Once the river across
The oars lag idle.—
- Emmet. Why 't is a winsome epic
Might not one gifted with the pen a theme
With overskimming sympathy evoke
The frenzy of pity, dont you think he might?
- McGregor. Alas, what shall I say but that he might?
- Emmet. Oh two-fold rip! Oh duplicate affliction!
Why am I as young and suffer so?

Emmet. Oh God have mercy on me. My poor mother !

McGregor. Dont Bob, dont now—

McVickar. Be a good chap Robert.

McGregor. It cant be remedied.

McVickar. Be assuaged.

McGregor. Tush, tush.

Emmet. Mother of son plucked, the son of that mother
Under the same chipper, both voyageward.
God's laws will her's, man's laws will mine.
Uncle McGregor and uncle McVickar—
Allude to her no more, for I trust
That I and mother will each other meet
Ere to-night's sun sets.—But hark ! whose pleading
(noise within) voices ?

McGregor. Where hear you voices ?

Emmet. Is it not the King's Dragons ?

McGregor. I devine the negative. (McVicar cries loud.

Emmet. McVickar there
Buried in the sod of tears and for my sake ?
Whatever's the matter ? you're indisposed I perceive.
Trust me uncle I've much concern for you
It will your veteran disposition sacrifice
If you exceed in that, the which in arrears
This fellow-feeling hoze will not thus irrigate
Nor as suffusive.

McVickar. Oh but to lose you thus

In much the same way as the flesh is cut
Remorselessly slashes.

Emmet. Lop that with tolerance gloss.

The world is quite poignant at demonstrance
Which the non-partizan concern. It is
Humane alone from the eye's campaign to donate
A fallen candidate, no more than 't were
An eye of lumber it, would plane off splinters
Of shaveling.—Spruce me for such a graft
We would have darnel, as make it o'ersudden
Even for a haruspex.

McVickar. A lasting lasting good-bye.

My nephew Emmet. Break hearth but its tough !

Emmet. Oh McVickar, McVickar !

McVickar. Oh Emmet, Emmet !

McGregor. Imagine me thy father I say good-bye my son.

Emmet. One glance,—one clasp,—

McGregor. Christ Jesus stand you by !

Emmet. Forget,—forgive,—

McVickar. Oh can we, can we ever !

Emmet. Kind uncles—

McGregor. I cannyt see the door anymore
The tears they blind me.

McVickar. We'll keep you in memory.

Emmet. At the scaffold boys.

McGregor. Ne'er worry, we'll be there
In St. Thomas Street.—

McVickar. Expect us.

Emmet. These voices again.
noice within.

McGregor. It sounds at it were a young woman's in entreaty.

Sarah. (within) It is he, it is he, Oh let me pass !

Emmet. Familiar outcry !

Sandys. [within] Debar her !

Severs. [within] Stop her !

Emmet. Christ-resurrect !

Staircase of my endurance collapse not.

Oh dilapidated stairlanding of my endless

Ceaseless affliction hold me that while till I

Endure Sarah's stepping-up to me and I

The stepping down.

McGregor. [aside] 'Tis Sarah !—

McVickar. [aside] Curran's daughter !

Sarah. [within] Officers !

Oh let me pass Oh let me only pass !

*Enter Sarah Curran flying from
Majors Sandys and Severs. Hardwicke and
prison-officers and sister-of-charity following.*

Emmet. [aside] The final lines of my life's soliloquy

Here first begins.

McVickar. [to Sarah] Sarah Curran be resigned

It is God's own decree.

McGregor. [to Sandys] Unto what purpose
Was she admitted?

Sandys. [to McGregor] The appeals of her effeminating
So I the earl permitting, entrance let.

Severs. [aside] I wish I was away I'd like to avoid it.

Hardwicke. Majors, hither to the corridor and consult me.

McVickar. In features stained from dusty tearfalls, see
She now approaches him, as aside shrugs he.
Oh unripe quantity o'erripe of quality
Witness it Mac, witness it. *(all draw to the back ground.)*

Sarah. This then's the condition Sarah finds her Robert?
Oh her misfortune, Oh her disappointment!
She sees it all, she sees it sees it all.
Love's battle's o'er, slaughtered lie the memories
That of infatuation's strife partook.
Despair, his guidon hoists and o'er the frontier
Where expectation had rigged up his tenting
Disappointment taps his bivouac on the massacred.

McVickar. [aside] Her tears garrot him!

McGregor. Visibly.

Sarah. Yes Robert
Night-time her awning lowers. Adieu, adieu.
Accept that hand that thought you truer far
Than ever lass thought lad. But Oh false trust,
Amalgam thy bust was, alloy thy crest.
Who would have thought, who could have, should have
though

That this should be the end of us and here!

McVickar. [aside] Her tears their liquid chests burst.

McGregor. [aside] In Robert
Their flood induntate him.

McVickar. [aside] In both a tearful
Destillery has opened.

Sarah. Had I anticipated
What aggravation befell you seriously
I'd have unhesitatingly exerted
Influence the utmost as might your incumbency

Relief afforded. But you had, as it were
 Drawn secret's curtain deftly o'er all
 And ne'er to me unbosomed the circumstances
 The which had you divulged but opportune
 I would have met you at Rathfarnham Road
 As you appointed had in correspondence,
 Where, interviewed I'd left with you for Ame
 Long since. Ay had this been as we hoped
 We might have never seen this hapless instance,
 Our hopeful seconds were part of that minute still
 As our hours of love were part of that day
 And were these days but destined to be years
 This hour this day descried us had united.

McVickar. (aside) His chest she splinters.

McGregor. (aside) Into bits fractures.

Sarah. We would have been wedded long long
 I'd have furnished me a bridal veil of azure
 A nuptial gown of buff your favorite pigment
 And arm in arm to the porochial
 We sauntered had together. By this time
 The knot had long been tied. For Oh you know
 How I have fasted, hungered to marry you.
 Alas the change! I wish my sight a cataract
 I might be spared to view the alteration.
 The hangman the pastor's chasuble
 The scaffold's wooding has the altar's matting
 In lieu of wedding chimes death's sexton tolls
 The burial curfew with murder-stirring clang!

Emmet. Darling! darling!

McGregor. (aside) He speaks to her at last?

Emmet. My own!—

My little daisy trampled underfoot
 By me, me, me, me!

Sarah. Sarah cant carry it through,
 Sarah cant; let her perish on that bosom's pillow
 Where her hopes fell a-dozing, [*falls in Emmet's arms*]

Sandys (aside) Piteous

Severs. (aside) The tear-price's high.

Sandys. (aside) For the heart's mart to bid.

Hardwicke (aside)

Thus

With all of Ireland's juvenile revolutionists
The common scene.

McVickar. (to McGregor) In vain unfortunate Emmet
Attempts to soothe her, she is tight about him.
From out the quay of their affectionate waters
That launched with gay streamers, the barge's stranded
And the billows beat the corpses on fate's reef.
How many times do we conceive our future
Full of elution and successes rosy
When of a sudden the horizon beclouds
Our rainbow expectations.

McGregor. [to McVickar] Truest often.
How fitting for the isle of sorrow are
The disappointed girls and boys. Their tears
Enough to raise the tide of St. Georges,—
Adown their countenance at random drip.
Misfortune's punctual there, for of that exercise
Robert and Sarah have their plentitude.

McVickar. (to McGregor) Oh dreary truth whatever the motive of it!
Nay to whose fault the cause of disappointment
Imputed might be, it must be looked into
As well as round about. Both of them have
To that exertion their indulgence strained
Unconscious of the brambles in the hedge
Whereon the sweat o' the heart a surplus countered
That it hath snapped abruptly off amidst them
And left them contused and lacerate.

Emmet. Disappointed
Have I thee, made you browse on wildmoss
Made the air-brake screech unbecoming,
All all my fault, forsake me, cashier me
As a worthless culprit.

Sarah. Oh my Bobby mine
I thought you love'd Sarah.

Emmet. Witness God Almighty
With what a dying hope I loved. Unfortunate

Of all were we. There's that lock of thy hair
'Thou gavest me for keepsakes. Loved thee? Thee
Sarah I loved as I did my mother earth.

A scaffold's donored me for loving Ireland
And a scaffold thy devotion. Fatality
Impending for the likes of ours 'Tis bitterest
As when I gaze in those blue waters thine
Ant note therein the wreckage, galling 'tis.

Sarah.

Forever will I pine as Pythias
Bewailed her Damon. I loved thee too intimately
To let thee off indifferently. So let
The grave but give thee the tumulus and slab
I'll dig into the ground I warrant thee
Wed thee on the scaffold sleep with thee in God's Acre
Till I rehabilitate thee. For it was
And I have ever trembled to arow it,
In secrecy I had oonceived of thee.
Calling on me you told me that you loved me
I cared not then for I was young I trifled
But you persisted then at last for love's sake
I encouraged you and then I felt instinctively
An unspeakable desire to tell thee Bobby
That I cared for thee. Ay such has been my training.
Oh what a hard training it has been for me
With hand-wrings and heart-strings up to rupturing!

Emmet.

Oh what excuse Oh what apology
Can I before you offer but that I
Mean the extremest. Alas! you were a vestal
In thy devotion for affection, I scarcely
Had half revealed how fain I idolized you.
It was not with an instant's rapid impulse
But 't was the faithful ebb of deep desire
That surged past hazard's cape whose pending menace
Meant to affinity's current reefy navigating
But which my arm of trust did pilot past.
Merit you know I sought not, for myself
Praise would I have from lips of fawners hissed
And Oh and Oh could I have pluck'd by the gullet

The minute from the hour to testify
 To only the rectitude, your husband was
 Respected by the world the rather than
 Being executed a convict. Ever dear Sarah
 There have been moments in my brief immurement
 When wedged in groan regards you that I oft
 Wished I was welled-in inartesiand'd depths
 Rather than you survive love-disappointed
 Hope-insulted. But thou shalt rally yet
 My devotee, rally and with the carmine streak
 That tinctures the wan moonlight of thy devotion
 Look sadly at Bob's hearse. I am obliged
 'To let you off immediately for I am
 Enroute towærd another clime, my luggage
 And equipage awaiting me. But yet ere
 I disembrace, dont weep child and dont cry—
 A once more of a never again ! Good-bye, —good-bye !

*tears himself away from Sarah
 she after. and attendants rush
 between.*

Sarah. So soon, so soon !

Hardwicke. Have her to a waiting room
 Led off and into.

Sandys. Good lady our office,
 Bids us we escort you—

Sarah. I wont, I wont go !

Severs. Persuade her major.

Sandys. Mark, but she resists.

Severs. From the attendants and the sisters-of-merry
 And ourselves, in Earl Hardwicke's name,
 We do entreat it—

Sarah. Tear me not
 From Bobby-a-Roon, tear me not from Bobby !

Hardwicke. Form a procession through the cell-gate out!

ENTER a Hangman.

And up St. Thomas Street.—Majors remain
 In attendance to Sarah Curran.

Sarah. Give me

Back Robert Emmet, give me back my Emmet—

McVickar. Her Robert hers !

McGregor.

His Sarah his

Sarah.

My ! my !

*The attendants form a group with
Emmet in the middle, McVickar and McGregor
by his side and as the cell-gate opens
they pass out. Gates slowly shutting.*

Sarah. *(struggling with the majors)*

Hands, bite your fingers, hairs tear your stems root out,
You sudden pallbearers aside from the front of me!
Leave me join him whose I was and am, I'll vouch
My featly though the consequence.

they release her.

Sandys. Keep vigil at the gate.

Severs.

One end you the other I.

Sarah.

Combined up to the scaffold we'll ascend.

I care not to live alone for any zeal.

Smilex and hazel and holly, what are ye

Good for, whom gnaws the vermin? Shorn of

The estate of promise fall on thy knees tenure

Wallow in the plea of a foreclosure leap off

The paropet uninvestiture, exchange

The alder for the myrtle, Hold aloof

The shutting of the gate, Ill hang on that,

As 't were a crossbeam I will hang on that,

I, the immured caved-in mashed-on Sarah,—

(A slit on the pulley, (derrick him on Calvary,—

His Mag'dalen will cling till the vail rend.

tries to pass the gate, the majors intercept.

Sandys.

Severs relax on no account.

Severs.

Get away lass.

Sarah.

Remorseless, merciless, ruthless, return

My Bobby-a-Roon my pawned-off pledge. About

The lone crossroads of my love-fliction

Heartcracks perambulate across. Surrender

Upon condition that I'm quartered with him,

Him, my elect and my cherished. For what cause

Skirmish ye and jam my heart's flesh ? Undraw there

That bolt sir, ungate it by a haul. I'll try
Whether I'll be able to master that much iron.

*wrangles with the majors, who
tears themselves away and slip back
of the gate. Exeunt. Cries of men
and women without.*

Sarah. That stunning roar ! from St. Thomas Street emanating.
Awful God Almighty spare my endeared.
What millstone's that rolling ? let me toward
For the one and final time or I crash myself
The wall against, the floor through ! I'll rave—
I'll bite, I'll tear, I'll rip, I'll maim, I'll—
I'll wail, I'll wallow, I'll growl, I'll schreech, I'll—
Och Bobby, Bobby, Bobby ! Och ! Och ! Och ! Och !

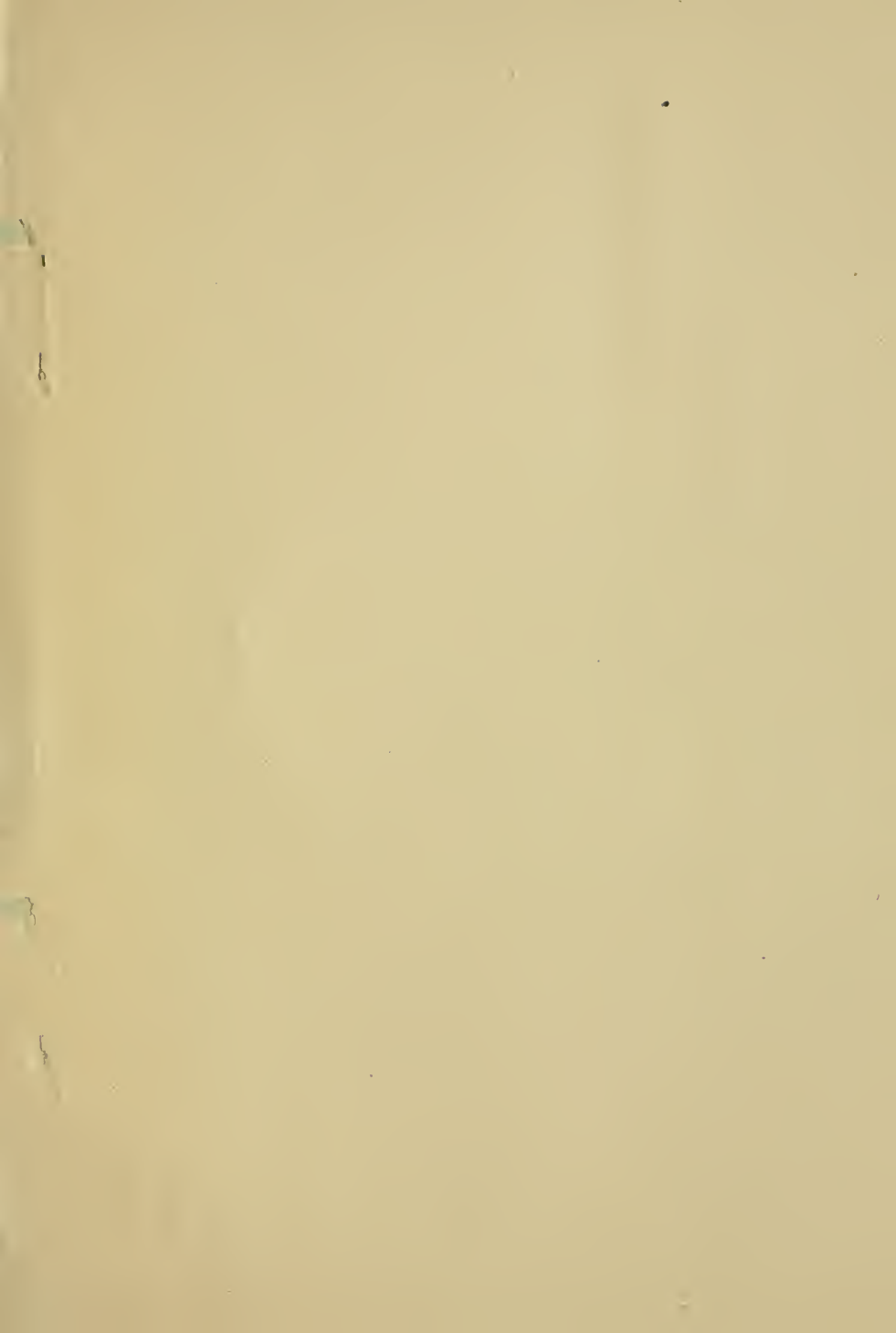
(falls prostrate in the middle of stage).

*A pause. Cries without. The gates re-open and
Enter the Hangman with the head of Robert Emm
a concourse of people following in back.*

Hangman. (shouting)
That's the head of Robert Emmet ! A rioter
According to the English of England, to
The Irish of Ireland a hero accordingly !

(Gates close).





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